

THIRTY CENTS

JANUARY 24, 1964

SEX in the U.S.: Mores & Morality

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



VOL. 83 NO. 4
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ket, the customary procedure is different but the trade is normally made with no less ease.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 22

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* A report on the narcotics racket, with exclusive films of the bosses and street pushers.

BEN CASEY (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Dr. Casey has to decide whether to attempt brain surgery on an amnesia victim. Robert Walker guest-stars.

Friday, January 24

BELL SYSTEM SCIENCE SERIES (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A Walt Disney documentary on oceanography. Color.

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Tonight's list of suspects includes Terry-Thomas, Dorothy Lamour, Jeanne Crain and Carolyn Jones.

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The week's events are lampooned by David Frost, Nancy Ames, Henry Morgan and others.

Saturday, January 25

IX WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES (ABC, 6:30-7 p.m.). The last in a series of 14 previews takes viewers on a tour of the installations at Innsbruck and analyzes the potentialities of the competing athletes.

Sunday, January 26

DISCOVERY '64 (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The discoveries of Thomas Edison are recreated for children.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). Finals of the ten-day "World Series" of bowling from Dallas. Also the world pentathlon championship from Berne, Switzerland.

ONE OF A KIND (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). Three young artists—Sculptor James Wines, Painter Alfred Leslie and Composer Charles Mills—are shown in the midst of creation.

THE WIZARD OF OZ (CBS, 6-8 p.m.). Judy Garland is Dorothy; her old friends are Ray Bolger and Bert Lahr. Color.

NBC NEWS SPECIAL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Repeat of NBC's excellent tour of the Kremlin. Color.

Tuesday, January 28

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An all-Cole Porter program, starring Ethel Merman, Martha Wright, Gretchen Wyler, John Raitt and Peter Nero. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER. In a triumph of style over substance, this drawing-room comedy pours some intellectual eye-wash about old age as if it were Dom Pérignon. But playwright Enid Bagnold writes with unflinching grace and literacy, and Margaret Leighton is an actress who can do no wrong.

MARATHON '33, by June Havoc, is a dance marathon macabre with clowning, roughhousing and tenderness, but it is illuminated by the weary, winning, little-girl-lost-and-found acting style of Julie Harris.

NBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS, by Ronald Alexander. Robert Preston impersonates a TV "genius" whose career is a castle of

balloons—when one is popped, the escaping hot air just fills another.

BARFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon. Newlyweds Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford are handsome enough to model for any refrigerator ad, but their apartment—and its visitors—are mad, mad, mad, mad, mad.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE. Under dingy eaves, or in front of book-cases checkoff of texts, Playwright Peter Shaffer sees the awkward and funny, stuffy and tender sides of people searching for love.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, by Arnold Wesker, chides the British lower classes for being docile sheep that raise nary a baw of protest at their lot. The setting is an R.A.F. training camp, and the military gamesmanship is brisk and funny.

LUTHER. Albert Finney's Luther is a fiercely burning torch—dampened by tormenting disagreement with his church, threatened by the double dangers of self-doubt and physical pain, but shedding the guiding light of the Reformation.

Off Broadway

THE TROJAN WOMEN. With anguish, protective passion and wounded nobility, Mildred Dunnock, Joyce Ebert and Carrie Nye decry their fate, surrounded by a chorus whose every movement echoes the powerful and evocative words of the Euripides classic.

IN WHITE AMERICA. The pain, the humor, the anger and the pride of the U.S. Negro's history spring to pulsing life in this collection of dramatizations drawn from newspapers, journals and letters.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK are drenched in crocodile tears in this gay musical spoof of Dion Boucicault's bustling and be-busied 19th century tale of a dastard of a banker.

CINEMA

POINT OF ORDER. The undoing of Senator Joe McCarthy is the theme of this Washington political drama, a striking documentary gleaned from TV coverage of the historic Army-McCarthy hearings.

THE EASY LIFE. Almost as funny as *Divorcee-Italian Style*, almost as mordant as *La Dolce Vita*, this brilliant thriller is one of the best Italian movies of 1963: the story of a pesty Quixote (Vittorio Gassman) who grabs himself a solid squire (Jean Louis Trintignant), mounts his sports car and rides madly away on a quest for nothing at all.

LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. The time is now, the place is Manhattan, the boy is Steve McQueen, the girl is Natalie Wood—and when this comedy-drama remembers to take itself lightly, the results are grade A Hollywood romance.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS. And all hail Adol-fas Mekas, a young and impetuous U.S. director who in his first feature film has produced a far-out and very funny farce, the first cubistic comedy of the new world cinema.

LIAR. As hilariously mirrored by Actor Tom Courtenay, a young man's fancies turn to lust, liquor, fascism, bloody revenge, anything at all to escape the grime-and-grind of working-class life in modern Britain.

TO BED OR NOT TO BED. Alberto Sordi brings his sunny southern warmth to this Italian comedy about a frisky fur mer-

chant who discovers firsthand that sex in Stockholm is still in the Ice Age.

TOM JONES. Vice triumphs—most engagingly, too—in this movie masterpiece wrested by Director Tony Richardson from Fielding's ribald 18th century classic. Albert Finney and Hugh Griffith head a superb cast.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, by John le Carré. This grim, exciting cold war thriller about a genuine professional in the international spying game is a good antidote for mystery fans fed up with excessively flashy Fleming.

TWO BY TWO, by David Garnett. The author refloats the Ark again with a wine-guzzling Noah at the helm. The resulting fantasy can be taken as frivolously Biblical or ominously nuclear.

LOOKING FOR THE GENERAL, by Warren Miller. Billy Brown, alienated nuclear physicist, seeks redemption for a decadent world in the arrival of supermen from another planet. Of course, it doesn't turn out that way, but Billy's voice is satirically refreshing.

THE QUIET ENEMY, by Cecil Dawkins. Seven excellent stories about the hill people who live in the Appalachians—a continually distressed area of the South.

DON'T KNOCK THE CORNERS OFF, by Caroline Glyn. This 15-year-old first-novelist shows an old pro's shrewdness in choosing the subject matter she knows best: the fiercely competitive world of an English boarding school for little girls.

THE PROPHET OUTCAST, by Isaac Deutscher. The last and most dramatic volume in this definitive biography of Leon Trotsky, the odd man out of the Communist revolution who died as he lived, fiercely but in vain.

MR. DOOLEY REMEMBERS—THE INFORMAL MEMOIRS OF FINLEY PETER DUNNE, edited by Philip Dunne. An affectionate portrait of Martin Dooley, the imaginary Irish bartender in Chicago, and his creator, Newspaperman Finley Dunne, who put in Dooley's mouth some of America's best political humor.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Group*, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (2)
3. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (5)
4. *Caravans*, Michener (4)
5. *The Three Sirens*, Wallace (6)
6. *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita*, Godden (9)
7. *The Living Reed*, Buck (7)
8. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (3)
9. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, le Carré
10. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (1)
2. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (5)
3. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (2)
4. *Rascal*, North (4)
5. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (6)
6. *The American Way of Death*, Mitford (3)
7. *Dorothy and Red*, Shecan (7)
8. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (10)
9. *My Darling Clementine*, Fishman (9)
10. *The Rise of the West*, McNeill

* All times E.S.T.

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world's great airlines
serves Canadian bacon
with its scrambled eggs



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LETTERS

To the Last Gasp

Sir: I will smoke [Jan. 17] until the day I die. I have smoked for over 45 years. I smoke cigarettes, cigars and a pipe. This is nobody's business but mine. First they wanted to stop people from drinking. That didn't work. Then they wanted to stop people from having babies. That won't work. Now they want to tell people if they can smoke or not. Who are they to tell other people what to do and how to run their lives?

I don't jump out of a window because someone yells fire. I like to see people get all the facts, figures, etc., and then use their own judgment. I don't believe in leading, pushing and needing people.

PETER J. SCHON

Flint, Mich.

Sir: Last year I stopped smoking. After six months, I wound up an overweight nervous wreck, suffering from compulsive eating habits, extreme tension, unexplained chest cramps, a sudden rush of gum and teeth problems, and facing a costly replacement in clothing. Two months ago, I resumed smoking and the chest and dental problems promptly vanished. I am losing the excess poundage, eat normally, and most of the tension has departed.

It does seem far more urgent for all agencies concerned to concentrate on making smoking safer rather than wailing endlessly about the smoking hazard being on the loose after the barn doors have been belatedly closed.

DOUGLAS C. CARTER

Great Falls, Mont.

Sir: *This week they've scorched our smoking With frightful compilations, Oh, experts, when the smoke dies down, What newer deprivations?*

(MRS.) MIKE SLATTERY

San Diego

Sir: Now let's go after the whisky and the wild, wild women.

RAYMOND L. PARSONS

Tempe, Ariz.

Flags Over Panama

Sir: The bloody incident of the past weekend between my country, the Republic of Panama, and the U.S. [Jan. 17] has been one of shock and surprise to both our countries. We both share a deep sadness for the irreparable loss of our countrymen. All that remains for us to do is pray; pray for our deceased and pray for the re-establishment of a peaceful coexistence between our nations.

RONALDO R. THOMAS

Los Angeles

Sir: The new policy for Latin America, which the U.S. Government has initiated with the shooting of defenseless Panamanians during the struggle of flag raising in the Canal Zone, can be entitled "how to make enemies and lose friends." Insecurity, arrogance, selfishness and cynicism were demonstrated by the "Zonians" in their violent action. Instead of leaving the decisions to teen-agers, the Canal Zone authorities should have taken the necessary steps to execute the agreement between U.S. and Panamanian governments in relation to flag raising in the Canal Zone territory of the Republic of Panama. It is inconceivable that the greatest nation on earth maintains a Stone Age attitude toward the same country that has

contributed so much to the richness and power that the U.S. now has. Panama has not received adequate, up-to-date compensation for the physical and emotional sacrifices it has made during the first part of this century.

HUGO NAVARRO

Panama

Sir: With the evidence of the Balboa (Panama Canal Zone) High School flag "razing," I wonder how anyone in the U.S. can now seriously favor giving 18-year-olds the vote.

(MRS.) BARBARA J. LANDFIELD

Mount Sterling, Ill.

The Big State

Sir: Your cover story on John Connally [Jan. 17] is the first really perceptive look at Texas since J. Frank Dobie shocked University of Texas coeds with classroom stories they probably had originally overheard coming from behind the cattle sheds.

BILL NEWKIRK

University of Texas '40

New York City

Sir: Praise be to Time and Houstonian Sullivan! He and Magnuson deftly and courageously painted the objective picture of "the five worlds of Texas."

As teachers of Texas history, we applaud the accuracy of your research and welcome the invitation to "self-reliance." As citizens, we accept the challenge along with the able leadership of our Governor, John Connally.

CARROLL BRISTER & JAMES MCTEE

Blocker Junior High
Texas City, Texas

Unacquainted

Sir: In Time it was reported [Jan. 17] that Congressman John W. Byrnes of Wisconsin purchased stock in a Milwaukee insurance firm at the "surgery" of former Senate Secretary Robert G. Baker. This is an error. It is well known in Washington that Congressman Byrnes does not know Baker and was not associated with him in any transactions.

JOHN L. STEELE

Bureau Chief

TIME

Washington, D.C.

Man of the Year

Sir: The color pictures with your Man of the Year story [Jan. 3] did more to promote understanding and create con-

fidence in Negro abilities than all the demonstrations of 1963 combined.

JUDD H. ROSE

Livermore, Calif.

Sir: Thank you for the cover.

LENA HORNE

Palm Springs, Calif.

Cold Blood in Cyprus

Sir: In your account of the recent tragic events in Cyprus [Jan. 10], you mention the unfortunate killing of a Turkish Cypriot mother and her three children. Your readers may have formed the impression that they were deliberately killed in cold blood. The truth is that machine-gun emplacements were erected by the Turkish insurgents on the house in which they were living. All four were killed in the breakthrough during the night. The entire responsibility for the tragic death of these unfortunate people rests with those who invited the calamity by using the house as a stronghold to fire on the security forces.

A. K. ANASTASSIOU

Director General

Ministry of Interior

Nicosia, Cyprus

Sir: The murdered woman and her three little children were not Cypriots. They were the whole family of Major Dr. Nihat Ilhan of the Turkish armed forces, who was assigned to duty at the Turkish military unit in Cyprus. Armed Greeks broke into their home and shot Mrs. Murvet Ilhan and her three children (aged two months, five and seven) with automatic weapons. Turkish Cypriots only fired upon Greek terrorists in Cyprus during disorders and did not burn homes of innocent people, as did the Greeks.

NECATI ZINCIRKIRAN

Managing Editor

Hurriyet

Ankara

Sir: Your readers may condemn this picture, but they must realize that this is reality all over the world. Let all men look at this picture and the murder of our President and pray that we will some day come to our senses and live in a world of peace.

H. CRAIG CURRY

Mitchell College

New London, Conn.

Bombay's Boundaries

Sir: As an Indian, I have violently disagreed with you.

But as a Bombayite for over a quarter of a century, I loved your article on Bombay [Jan. 10] as I love the city itself for

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RELIEF IS JUST
A SWALLOW AWAY

all its shortcomings as well as for its merits. It was a wonderful piece of journalism.

ARUN VAIDYA

Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pa.

We Love Him Anyhow

Sir: Regarding your article on Liberia [Jan. 17], all that is in it is true, but damn you for all the mockery it carries. Tubman is a good man, and the people of Liberia love him. If he remains in the mansion forever it is because the people want him to.

R. TOMBEKAI DEMPSTER

Monrovia, Liberia

Pope & Patriarch

Sir: Your article on the meeting between the Patriarch and the Pope [Jan. 17] was excellent. As an Orthodox Catholic I must commend you for the fine way you handled the controversial issues. You showed a great deal of sensitivity to the viewpoints of both the East and the West, and did not sacrifice the Orthodox viewpoint for the sake of sensationalism or emotionalism.

David Lee's picture of the Patriarch and Pope embracing is a masterpiece. It should receive an award.

KATHERINE VALONE

Chicago

Poison in Parked Cars

Sir: We read with interest your article reporting new findings on the dangers of carbon monoxide poisoning from automobile exhausts [Jan. 17]. Perhaps your readers would be interested in some additional information on this dangerous gas.

No one knows how many auto accidents are caused by motorists whose reaction time is somewhat slowed by a small seepage of carbon monoxide into the closed auto. If the exhaust and manifold are in good shape and fitted tight, the auto is probably safe. But it's even safer to leave a rear window open a crack.

The most dangerous time comes while sitting in a parked car with the motor running and the windows closed. This is a frequent occurrence in cold weather when the auto heater is turned on. To avoid possible poisoning, the motorist should always open a window when parked with the motor running.

HUGH H. HUSSEY, M.D.

Director of Scientific Activities
American Medical Association
Chicago

Best of the Press

Sir: I agree with you on nine of your ten selections of the top U.S. dailies [Jan. 10]—not a bad percentage in any league. The one selection that I disagree with vehemently is your choice of the New York Daily News. Regardless of its circulation and unique policies, the Daily News makes me "sick," as I'm sure it does most professional journalists and journalism educators.

RICHARD E. PAVLIK

Assistant Professor
Department of Journalism
Southern Colorado State College
Pueblo, Colo.

Sir: You inadvertently perpetuate a misinterpretation in saying that I "let slip the opinion that there are only 18 'good' U.S. dailies." What I originally said was that of 200 major dailies, 10 to 18 would generally be ranked as "excellent" or "first-rate" by knowledgeable critics. That is not

a bad percentage of excellence in any field.

More important is the growing element of leadership on many dailies that seeks excellence, abhors distortion of news, and welcomes constructive criticism. There is fortunately more of this spirit in all branches of journalism than ever before.

EDWARD W. BARKITT

Dean

Graduate School of Journalism
Columbia University
New York City

Sir: One of my mischievous friends sent me his free copy of your Jan. 10 issue. He apparently was amused that you did not recognize the Christian Science Monitor as a daily newspaper.

Certainly some of TIME's veteran correspondents haven't had any problem in evaluating the Monitor's role when they came to Boston. In fact, they have been most appreciative when our copy boys have volunteered to take them by the hand and show them where the Statehouse is or tell them off the record who is Governor. We do this from time to time as a matter of professional courtesy.

R. C. BERGENHEIM

Assistant to the Manager
The Christian Science Monitor
Boston

Sir: You cited the late Paul Patterson's ingenious idea—"If you put out a good enough paper, people will read it, advertisers will support it"—as illuminating a "fundamental truth: newspapering is a business, and a good business makes money."

This neat reasoning has one major flaw. Where a publisher has the field to himself, his newspaper can be a mediocre hodgepodge of rural obits on the front page, disjointed wire-service pieces, syndicated advice columns, plus a heavy dose of detailed high school sports coverage. Yet it will blanket the area, carry all the advertising the marketplace can afford, and make as much money as any Pulitzer prizewinner would in the same situation.

In fact, you have me as a subscriber as a direct result.

NATHAN MUSHKIN

Captain, U.S.A.F.
Ellsworth Air Force Base, S. Dak.

Sir: For Kentuckians the Louisville Courier-Journal exceeds all other papers in the country in excellence.

Richmond, Ky.

JIM PARKS

Sir: Here are America's ten top news-magazines: 1) *Mad* 2) *Mad* 3) *Mad* 4) *Mad* 5) *Mad* 6) *Mad* 7) *Mad* 8) *Mad* 9) *Mad* 10) *Mad*.

MARTIN L. DUGGAN

News Editor
St. Louis Globe-Democrat
St. Louis

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Can't live on a budget?

How often have you said to yourself: "It's hard enough to meet expenses let alone *save* money!"

You can do both—within your income—claim John and Alice Flaherty, well-known

writers, lecturers and counselors on family money management. Their principles of spending-and-saving, together with dozens of practical tips, have been compiled in a booklet, "How to Make the Most of Your Family's Income"—and it's yours for the asking from New York Life.

"Pay Yourself First" is the Key. There's no "trick" to proper money managing, the authors point out, but there are several fundamentals. First, "it is important that you develop a sense of appreciation for your own income level." In addition, you must calculate on the basis of *net* income, and make it a rule to "pay yourself first"; that is, include a specified amount of savings, no matter how small, among your regular expenses.

It Takes Planning, Not Depriving. To help you start, the authors offer a guide, involving simple arithmetic, that shows how to "calendarize" expenses systematically, regardless of your income range. However, this plan is not a "tighten your belt" system, but includes such items as entertainment, gifts, vacations, as well as necessities.

It is not the authors' intention to lead you into a rigid system. Instead, their booklet helps you double-check where your money has been going and plan better for the future. Their experience and advice should prove most valuable to your family.

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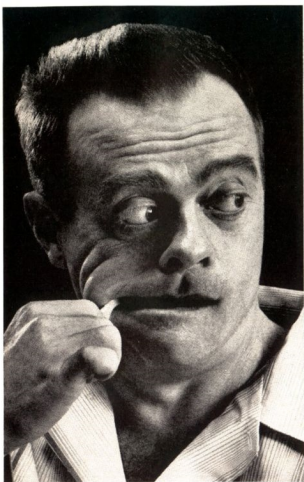
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TIME, JANUARY 24, 1964



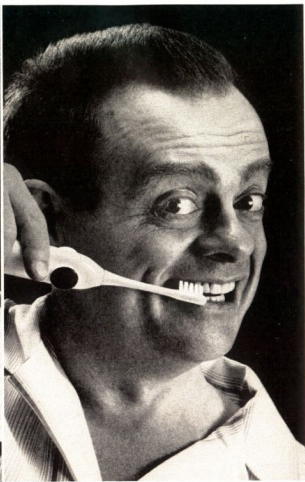
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

Lauding & Lamenting

Particularly in an election year, any politically alert Administration is certain to laud its own accomplishments and, in hope that voters will find them irresistible, lament all the things that remain undone. In this sense, the Johnson Administration is certainly political-

will be "the second-longest peacetime expansion of this century—exceeded only by the prolonged climb out of the depths of the Great Depression." This "remarkable performance," he said, "clearly shows the vitality of the private economy in an environment of progressive federal policy."

"Reassured & Resurgent." Government action did not, of course, do it all alone, and the President paid passing tribute to business, which "held prices in check, kept inventories on an even keel, and avoided excesses in capital financing," and to labor, which "has been constructive in its collective bargaining and in its contributions to rising productivity." Then he cited three Government actions: "In 1961 the Administration's quick antirecession program got recovery off to a flying start; in 1962, in sharp contrast to 1960 and 1957, rising federal purchases, new tax incentives to investment, and continued credit ease lent a steadying hand to an economy whose advance was faltering; in 1963, prospects of a tax cut buoyed a reassured and resurgent economy."

Analyzing the three-year expansion, the report found that two major factors were increases in Government spending and a rise in residential construction. Federal purchases rose 16%, accounted for 11% of the \$100 billion increase in G.N.P. State and local purchases rose 13% to add 8% to G.N.P. Most of the rest of the advance came from sustained consumer demand; individuals continued to spend about 94% of their income—including a dollar record for cars. All this, said the report, was "accompanied by a record of price stability unsurpassed in any expansionary period since World War II."

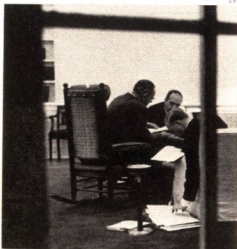
Toward Full Potential. Looking ahead, the report predicted for 1964 "a significant acceleration in the growth of output" and a G.N.P. that could go as high as \$628 billion. But it warned that its forecast was based on quick congressional passage of the Administration's \$11 billion income tax cut. Even a month's delay could reduce the G.N.P. gain by \$2 billion.

But lest voters become complacent, Johnson lamented the fact that the U.S. economic advance "has not gone far enough and fast enough." He noted that unemployment is running at 5½%, factories are operating at only 87% of capacity, idle men and machines repre-

sent a G.N.P. loss of some \$30 billion a year, and the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit "is still with us."

Disquieting Omens. The report also fretted about future wage-price stability, found that "some recent omens are disquieting." It noted that "a widely scattered minority" of big firms are "testing the market's readiness to accept price increases" and that "many

WALTER DONNETT



L.B.J. IN BUDGET HUDDLE*

Prosperity could be dated . . .

ly alert—as evidenced by its Economic Report sent to Congress this week.

In that report the President looked back in perspective, taking the start of the Kennedy Administration as his base point. During that period, he said, the gross national product rose from about \$500 billion early in 1961 and passed the \$600 billion mark, for the first time, at the end of 1963.

The report, supplemented by a detailed analysis from the President's Council of Economic Advisers, noted other historic firsts recorded in those three years: average earnings in manufacturing topped \$100 a week; after-tax income of individuals exceeded \$400 billion in 1963; corporate profits before taxes passed \$50 billion last year. CEA Chairman Walter Heller's analysis claimed that by spring this advance



ECONOMIC ADVISER HELLER

. . . from a Democratic inauguration.

workers are restive." In a faint echo of Kennedy's clash with Big Steel, Johnson warned: "I shall not hesitate to draw public attention to major actions by either business or labor that flout the public interest in noninflationary price and wage standards."

Johnson indicated that he intended to follow Heller's theories that "business fluctuations have no fixed rhythms, recessions are not in any scientific sense inevitable," and that tax policy and the budget are tools to be used to influence the economy as well as finance the Government. "The budget," said Heller, "must counterbalance private demand."

Prepared in laborious consultation with Budget Director Kermit Gordon, Johnson's fiscal 1965 budget was also to go to Congress this week. The President had already taken the edge off his budget message by announcing that he would seek authority to spend \$97.9 billion, a reduction of \$500 million from 1964 expenditures. This would

* With Johnson: Budget Director Gordon (center) and Deputy Budget Director Elmer Staats. Budget papers are spread on floor.



ITALY'S SEGNI IN CONGRESS*
For him, a hootenanny.

lead to a deficit of about \$5 billion in 1965—roughly half of the expected 1964 deficit.

An Unrecognized World. Johnson's greatest lament, however, was the continued existence of poverty in the U.S., and he made its elimination one of his top-priority domestic tasks. Said the CEA: "The poor inhabit a world scarcely recognizable, and rarely recognized, by the majority of their fellow Americans. It is a world where a minor illness is a major tragedy, where pride and privacy must be sacrificed to get help, where honesty can become a luxury and ambition a myth. Worst of all, the poverty of the fathers is visited upon the children."

Using any family income under \$3,000 as a standard of poverty, the report contended that one-fifth of the nation's citizens live in poverty, and that the poor include nearly half of all nonwhites, more than 40% of all farm families, half of all families headed by a woman, half of all families headed by a person over 65. The top fifth of U.S. families get 42% of all personal income; the lowest fifth get 5%.

"We must open our eyes and minds to the poverty in our midst," declared the Administration's report. "The condition can be eradicated; and if it can be, it must be." Precisely how, Johnson said, he would reveal in a separate message to the Congress.

THE PRESIDENCY

How Not to Take It Easy

President Johnson was entertaining at a stag luncheon last week when his wife slipped into the dining room, motioned to the gentlemen to remain seated, and went to her husband's side. "I hope," said Lady Bird, "you'll set aside 30 minutes for my little project." The project, Lyndon explained later, was a half-hour afternoon nap for him-

self. It seems that Lady Bird has been campaigning to slow down her locomotive husband. Only recently, the President found a note from her pinned to his pillow. The note, said Lyndon, made "a definite recommendation that I take an hour and a half off in the afternoon."

Lady Bird Johnson has had little success with such projects: the President has been working almost unceasingly since Nov. 22. Says Pierre Salinger: "He gets up earlier and works later than President Kennedy did, and President Kennedy worked longer hours than President Eisenhower did. It's a bad trend." Johnson seems almost un-mindful of the fact that he suffered a heart attack in 1955. For a long time after his recovery, he carried around a photostat of his healthy cardiogram to show friends. He has \$200,000 in life insurance, and by submitting regularly to physical examinations, has reduced his "hazard rating" (he pays an annual \$6,000 for the insurance).

Banana Pudding. Despite this, the energy that the President throws into his daily work has raised a lot of concern. Dwight Eisenhower recently sent a message urging him to slow down and look after his health. Lady Bird is forever watching his diet: Lyndon, 55 and 6 ft. 3 in., weighs 206 lbs., and should shed at least ten. At his Texas ranch some weeks ago, his wife ordered chicken for dinner one evening—knowing that it is not one of the President's favorite dishes and that Lyndon probably would not eat too much. At lunch one day last week, Lyndon noticed that his guests got banana pudding for dessert while his plate was left empty. "I don't know what Mrs. Johnson is doing here," said he. "I want some of that dessert." He picked up the service bell, and the tinkle soon brought him some banana pudding.

Although Johnson has tried to get in a daily nap and a swim, he often gets so involved with his duties that he just forgets. The Panama crisis (see THE HEMISPHERE) kept him up till 3:30 one morning last week, and he was up again at 6:45 a.m. He turned in at 1:30 the following morning—and again got up before 7. The fatigue was noticeable in his face, but the President kept up his schedule. Chief on his list of visitors last week was Italy's slight, white-haired President Antonio Segni, 72. There were no problems of great moment to discuss; indeed, Segni addressed a joint session of Congress with the warmth and good will of an old and valued friend, and his private chats with the President were filled with assurances of mutual loyalty.

The Most. Still, Segni's presence called for a state dinner, and President Johnson's first such dinner obviously marked one of the key differences between his Administration and Kennedy's. Among the guests were Joe DiMaggio, Labor Leaders David Dubinsky and Walter Reuther, Composer Gian Carlo Menotti, Pundit Walter Lippmann, Washington Hostess Perle

Mesta. Perle had not been to the White House during the Kennedy Administration; she had supported Lyndon for the presidential nomination in 1960, and when Johnson lost out to Kennedy, she came out for Richard Nixon.

After dinner, the guests were treated to what one reporter called a "musical program of probably the greatest extremes ever witnessed at a presidential dinner." Baritone Robert Merrill sang Verdi, and a group called the New Christy Minstrels flaked the paint from the East Room ceiling with a rousing hootenanny.

When Segni left, Lyndon said, "I've got to go back to the coal mines," and excused himself. Lady Bird said, "Don't work too late," and White House Aide McGeorge Bundy cracked that "the President just hates to be unemployed."

REPUBLICANS

The Poverty Issue

Whenever Republican Barry Goldwater lashes out at the Democratic Administration, he runs the hazard of being rebutted by Fellow Republican Nelson Rockefeller. It happened again last week when Multimillionaire Rockefeller took issue with the wealthy Goldwater's ideas about how to treat the nation's poor.

Wearing black tie and tux, Goldwater told some 1,500 members of the blue-chip Economic Club of New York that Johnson's State of the Union address indicated that the new Democratic Administration plans to be a "Santa Claus of the free lunch, the Government handout, the something-for-nothing and something-for-everyone." As evidence, Goldwater cited Johnson's declared war on poverty. Said Goldwater: "America, for most of its years, has waged a war on poverty. And wherever it has waged that war, in factories, in laboratories, in shops, over counters and under the enterprise system, it has won that war. It has won it, it is winning it, more



GOLDWATER IN KINSTON, N.C.
For him, hoots from Rocky.

* Flanked by House Speaker John McCormack (left) and Senate President Pro Tem Carl Hayden.

surely than any nation on earth. I say that when Government tries to spend its way to wealth, we lose that war."

Chasing Hares. Goldwater questioned statistics on U.S. poverty, declared that income levels consisted low in the U.S. "are regarded as true wealth in the rest of the world. Workers in many other countries cannot earn as much as our welfare clients receive. It is like greyhounds chasing a mechanical hare. You never catch up. There will always be a lowest one-third or one-fifth." Instead of being given handouts, said Goldwater, persons on relief should be put to work on community projects.

But what bothered Rocky was a paragraph that Goldwater never uttered, although it got wide play as part of his released text: "We are told that many people lack skills and cannot find jobs because they did not have an education. That's like saying that people have big feet because they wear big shoes. The fact is that most people who have no skill have had no education for the same reason—low intelligence or low ambition." Later, in North Carolina, Goldwater said that Johnson's anti-poverty program is "an attempt to divide Americans."

Campaigning in Swanzy Center, N.H., Rockefeller declared that he was "diametrically opposed" to Goldwater's views on poverty. "What he doesn't understand," declared Rocky, "is that a lot of people who don't have an education and who don't have the preparation for jobs—it is not because they're either stupid or indolent and don't want to know, it's because they haven't had the opportunity. There are very few Americans who don't want to go forward. But they need the tools of education and opportunity to do it."

Robin Hood in Flannel? In Keene, N.H., Rocky's social-welfare ideas were challenged by a Keene Teachers College sophomore, Jon Tate, 22, and a lively debate followed. Experts:

Tate: Aren't you a Robin Hood in a grey flannel suit?

Rocky: No, I'm not. I don't take from the rich.

Tate: What about in some of our states where some people are just too lazy to do anything?

Rocky: Well, I don't know if you've got in mind personal friends of yours or not. But in my opinion there are very few people who fall in this category. Circumstances, in some cases, are more than people can cope with. You can't let them die in the streets.

Tate: If I know I can depend on all the rich people in the U.S. to support me in my time of need, why should I do anything?

Rocky: Well, if that is your fundamental belief, then I hate to think how you were brought up and what goes into your mind.

With that, "the poverty issue" seemed well on the way toward becoming one of the more emotional components of the 1964 political campaigns.

The Non-Candidates

Those Republican non-candidates were appearing all over and spending a lot of time telling people why they're not in the running.

► Michigan's Governor George Romney returned to Salt Lake City, where he had spent part of his youth, to address 1,300 Republicans at a \$50-a-plate G.O.P. fund-raising dinner. Much of his speech was devoted to championing civil rights, partly to counter the notion that the Mormon church discriminates against Negroes. At a press conference he said: "There is no concept in the church that the Negro can't attain anything that I can attain in this life or the next." Then Romney said he was not a presidential candidate.

► Manhattan Attorney Richard Nixon put in a 17-hour day on a trip to Phila-



"I'D BE HONORED TO SECOND-GUESS
—I MEAN, SECOND"

delphia, where he signed some 500 lithographed portraits of himself for Pennsylvania printers at a Printing Week dinner. He shook scores of hands, held a businesslike press conference, earned hearty applause in his dinner speech on foreign relations. Best received were his comments on the Panama crisis and Latin America. "We can negotiate our troubles with the Panamanians, but we cannot negotiate our right to be there. If we give in there, we invite attack on all our bases throughout the world. We have a sick situation. As long as Castro is in Cuba, this sickness will spread to all Latin America. We must bring Castro down." To the inevitable questions, Nixon said he was not a candidate.

► Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton traveled only from Harrisburg to Philadelphia to a lunch hosted by Scott Paper Board Chairman Tom McCabe and billed as an attempt to promote Pennsylvania industry. But with increasing talk that such influential Eastern Republicans as Leonard Hall and Meade Alcorn Jr. are urging Scranton to get more national exposure, the guest

list was politically impressive. It included National G.O.P. Chairman William Miller, former Chairmen Hall and Alcorn, Massachusetts National Committeeman Richard Treadway, Maine's National Committeeman Bradford Hutchins, Maryland's National Committeeman Edward Miller, former Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, Eisenhower's Press Secretary James Hagerty, New York Stock Exchange President Keith Funston and former Disarmament Negotiator Arthur Dean. Guests insisted politics were not discussed. But said one: "We're not young any more. We know why we were there." A "native son" movement was started for Scranton in Connecticut (he was born in Madison), a "Scranton Friends" movement was being organized in Philadelphia, and New Jersey Republicans were reported swinging away from Rockefeller and toward Scranton. One New Jersey leader said Scranton will have all 40 New Jersey delegates by convention time. As for Scranton, he said he was not a candidate.

POLITICAL NOTES

In Orbit

Just back from outer space two years ago, Astronaut John Glenn said: "I have no political ambitions, none whatsoever." But before long, his Mercury colleagues noticed that he was devoting most of his time to being a public figure, suspected he might have the political bug. So it hardly came as a surprise last week when Glenn announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate from his home state of Ohio.

As Glenn explained at a conference, his knowledge from the three-orbit flight of Friendship 7 had long since been assimilated into the space program. Also, by the time the U.S. is ready to launch the Apollo man-on-the-moon shot, Glenn, now 42, will be "near 50—not very old for most occupations, but on the edge of doubt for astronauts." Glenn therefore decided to run for the Senate because "this is an area in which I have had a lifelong interest. I feel that it provides the best opportunity to make use of the experience I have gained in 22 years of Government service."

Sought After. Although Glenn had never registered with either party, he felt right at home as a Democrat. "My mother and dad have been lifelong Democrats," he said, neglecting to mention that his wife Annie is a Republican. "But aside from these family ties, careful consideration of the current positions and leadership of both parties leads me to the choice of the Democratic Party."

Actually, Glenn had been sought after by both parties for months. Ohio G.O.P. State Chairman Ray Bliss courted him, offered him support for a House seat. But Glenn had his eye on the Senate, and for that job Ohio Republicans were already pretty well committed to



GLENN & WIFE
Running on space.

the candidacy of Representative Robert Taft Jr.

As for the Democrats, Glenn's chief suitor was a sometime swimming-pool host and water-skiing companion—Attorney General Bobby Kennedy. But Glenn kept hesitating. He was finally persuaded to make the move by Ohio's Representative Wayne Hays, who is feuding with the state's regular Democratic organization and figured that a successful Glenn candidacy would help his own group seize control. Meanwhile, the regular organization had committed itself to incumbent Senator Stephen M. Young, 74, for renomination.

"Hero's Pawn." Glenn's announcement brought bitter remarks from both sides of the Ohio congressional delegation. "The high office of United States Senator should not be made a hero's pawn," declared Democratic Representative Charles Vanik. Said Republican Representative Charles Mosher, shedding a few crocodile tears: "I am sorry to see Steve Young's loyalty to the White House ignored and see him shoved aside because of the Johnson Administration's decision to grab every possible means to win Ohio in this year's election." That was not quite fair: Young has indeed been a down-the-line supporter of Democratic Administrations, and Johnson, although a charter member of Glenn's fan club, stayed out of the Ohio hassle.

At week's end Glenn, who by law must retire from the Marine Corps before actually starting his campaign, decided to stay in Columbus for this week's Democratic state convention, which will endorse candidates for the May 5 primary. The convention keynote: Steve Young.

Other Senate candidates who have announced, or are about to:

► George Murphy, 61, onetime cinema song-and-dance man and a longtime behind-the-scenes G.O.P. worker in California, is running for the seat of



WILKINSON



TYDINGS

ailing Democratic Incumbent Clair Engle (TIME, Jan. 17). Murphy may have as many as eight opponents in the G.O.P. primary, including Joseph C. Shell, who ran unsuccessfully against Richard Nixon for the gubernatorial nomination in 1962, former San Francisco Mayor George Christopher, and pole-vaulter, Wheaties-eating Rev. Bob Richards.

► Oklahoma's Charles B. ("Bud") Wilkinson, 47, resigned after 17 years as football coach at the university and will probably announce his candidacy as a Republican this week. Wilkinson is after the seat now held by Democrat J. Howard Edmondson, 38, who resigned as Governor last year to have himself appointed to the late Senator Robert Kerr's seat.

► Joseph D. Tydings, 35, adopted son of Maryland's late Democratic Senator Millard E. Tydings, announced for the Democratic nomination against State Controller Louis Goldstein, the choice of the state Democratic organization. If he is nominated, Tydings, a U.S. attorney, will face incumbent Republican J. Glenn Beall, 69.

ELECTIONS

The Tried-& True Technique

Barely two weeks after President Kennedy's assassination, Louisiana Democrats held their gubernatorial primary. The leader, by a thumping 140,000 votes, was about the closest thing in Louisiana to a real New Frontiersman: former New Orleans Mayor de Lesseps S. ("Chep") Morrison, a racial moderate, a Catholic, and a global-minded fellow who, as U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States, had been a working member of the Kennedy team.

Morrison did not get a majority in the primary, which put him into a runoff with Louisiana Public Service Commissioner John J. McKeithen. Even though Morrison had twice before run unsuccessfully for Governor, almost everyone thought that this time he would make the grade.

They were wrong. Driving toward the Jan. 11th runoff election, McKeithen, 45, a lawyer-farmer from the small town of Columbia, fell back on the Southern office seeker's tried-and-true technique for getting votes: he ran on the race issue. Although he had al-

ways before been considered a moderate on race, he now charged that Morrison had made a "deal" with the N.A.A.C.P. for the Negro vote. "Without question," he cried of the first primary, "98% of the colored vote went to Mr. Morrison." To a New Orleans rally he declared: "The only things that increased while Morrison was mayor were your crime rate and your Negro population." He kept up the attack through two statewide TV debates, which, he said, also "demonstrated that while we were not necessarily Morrison's superior in intelligence and knowledge of governmental affairs, we at least approached his equal, and that we were not the uneducated buffoon that some of the papers had suggested."

All the while, Morrison refused to be drawn into a race-baiting contest, kept talking blandly about his "program for progress for Louisiana." As a Morrison supporter said later: "We were just unconvinced. We didn't realize how bad he was hurting us."

Just how badly was shown when the results were in. McKeithen won by a 41,000-vote plurality, 492,000 to 451,000. Now he must face Republican Oilman Charlton Lyons, a Shreveport conservative, in the March 3 general election. No Republican has been elected Governor in Louisiana since 1877.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Musings from State

Testifying last month in closed hearings before a Senate subcommittee, Secretary of State Dean Rusk mused about his department and its problems. As made public this week, it was pretty fascinating. Excerpts:

"We do business now with more than 112 governments. During the present calendar year, there will have been elections or changes in government in



LOUISIANA'S McKEITHEN
Winning on race.

more than 50 of them. Now I suppose there would be ten or twelve of those changes of government which were unscheduled. That creates a turbulence in our scene. The little island of Zanzibar becomes an independent state this month. How many islands of the Pacific will want to be independent states? The prospect here is to me unsettling, at least."

"But this multiplication of states has greatly changed the conduct of business and foreign policy. The Department of State receives every working day throughout the year about 1,300 incoming cables. I will see 20 or 30 of those on a usual day. We send out 1,000 cables a day, on every working day, and I will see perhaps six of those; the White House may see one or two."

A Drawer Full of Clippings. "The ghost that haunts the policy officer or haunts the man who makes the final decision is the question as to whether, in fact, he has in his mind all of the important elements that ought to bear upon his decision or whether there is a missing piece that he is not aware of that could have a decisive effect if it became known."

"I think we can be proud of the extraordinary improvement in our intelligence and information-gathering activities in the last 20 years. When I was assigned to G-2 in 1941, I was asked to take charge of a new section that had been organized to cover everything from Afghanistan right through southern Asia, Southeast Asia, Australia and the Pacific. The materials available to me consisted of a tourist handbook on India and Ceylon, a 1924 military attaché's report from London on the Indian army, and a drawer full of clippings from the New York Times gathered since World War I. That was literally the resources of G-2 on that vast part of the world a year after the war in Europe had started. We have greatly improved our ability to gather relevant information. However, our problem is how to get it to the people at the top. When a crisis occurs, it is then almost too late to educate those who have to make the decision."

Trouble with Layering. "Inside the department, our principal problem is layering. When I read a telegram coming in in the morning, it poses a very specific question, and the moment I read it I know what the answer must be. But that telegram goes on its appointed course into the bureau and through the office and down to the desk. Then it goes from the action officer back up through the department to me a week or ten days later, and if it isn't the answer that I knew to be the answer, then I change it at that point, having taken into account the advice that came from below. But usually it is the answer that everybody would know has to be the answer. I think we do need to do something about layering."

* For how Rusk's worries about Zanzibar have come true, see *THE WORLD*.

THE ADMINISTRATION

First Man Out

Aside from kinfolk, no man was closer to Jack Kennedy than Theodore Chaikin Sorensen. The son of a Nebraska liberal who was campaign manager for Senator George Norris, Ted Sorensen made Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Nebraska, graduated first in his class at law school and went to work in Washington. Late in 1952, Freshman Senator Kennedy hired Sorensen to help write his speeches and magazine articles. The two men were drawn together by a mutual fascination with politics and history, and it was Sorensen who compiled the research for *Profiles in Courage*.

Sorensen became Senator Kennedy's ranking aide, in 1956 wrote a widely circulated memorandum arguing that a



SORENSEN
A time to write.

Roman Catholic vice-presidential nominee would strengthen the national Democratic ticket because he would attract bloc votes in Northern cities. One national election later, when Kennedy went to the White House, Sorensen accompanied him as Special Counsel. He contributed heavily toward building Kennedy's domestic program, sat in on just about every major decision made in the White House. So close were Sorensen and the President that it was often hard to distinguish the point where Sorensen ended and Kennedy began.

Thus it surprised nobody last week when Ted Sorensen, 35, submitted his letter of resignation to President Johnson. He had told Johnson in December that he wanted to leave, but the new President persuaded him to stay on for a while. Sorensen contributed the bulk of Johnson's first speeches—his address to the nation after the Kennedy assassination, the State of the Union message. In addition, he has been working on Johnson's special messages to Congress on the Administration's program for the coming year.

With these chores about finished, the

President and Sorensen last week exchanged warm letters of confidence and thanks, clearing the way for Sorensen to move out of the White House on Feb. 29. Sorensen will write a book, to be published later this year by Harper & Row. It is a book, says Sorensen, "which I can write, describing President Kennedy, saying what kind of person he was and what kind of President he was. If I don't write it now, I'm not sure I'll ever write it."

THE CONGRESS

Along with Some Euphemisms

Appropos of nothing, Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen arose in the Senate last week to ornament a dreary debate. "Mr. President," orated Ev, "there is such a word as 'euphemism.' I do not think I have looked it up for years, but I suppose a 'euphemism' is 'something that seems like what it ain't.' Perhaps that is as good a definition as I can give. I am reminded of the man who filled in an application for an insurance policy. One of the questions he had to answer was 'How old was your father when he died and of what did he die?' Well, his father had been hanged, but he did not like to put that in his application. He puzzled over it for quite a while. He finally wrote, 'My father was 65 when he died. He came to his end while participating in a public function when the platform gave way.'"

Message to Garcia. On the other side of the Capitol, the House Rules Committee continued to hold what it euphemistically calls hearings on the Administration's civil rights bill. Under the direction of Virginia's Judge Howard Smith—who reluctantly will send the bill to the floor after a long, grey line of Southern civil rights opponents have had their say—the proceedings were not so much informative as they were entertaining, which was all right with Judge Smith too. When Ohio's Republican Congressman William M. McCulloch testified in behalf of the bill, Smith tried to tease him into admitting that the public-accommodations provisions were not within the province of the Federal Government's charter. McCulloch was ready for him and launched into a quotation from James Russell Lowell's poem *The Present Crisis*:

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.
Smith had better luck with Louisiana's Democratic Congressman Edwin Willis, who, like McCulloch, is a member of the Judiciary Committee that approved the bill. Smith and Willis complimented each other on the discovery that they both thought the bill ought to go back to the Judiciary Committee for further consideration. "In the interests of the best legislation that could be devised," said Smith seriously, "I wish you would suggest it to your chairman." "Oh," replied Willis, cheerfully, "I would be delighted to do it. I'll carry

the message to Garcia, but I'm not sure it will be received."

Toward the Floor. The Senate Finance Committee, meanwhile, was having its best week since it began working over the Administration's \$11 billion tax-cut bill. The committee voted to raise an extra \$40 million a year by tightening tax restrictions on the foreign operations of U.S. oil and gas companies—raising the total of such new taxes to \$80 million. And it picked up an extra \$260 million by throwing out a capital-gains provision that would have favored taxpayers profiting from sales of stocks and properties. The committee's work for the week all but wrapped up the bill, fortifying members' hopes that floor debate may get under way before Feb. 1. It was a sensible, no-nonsense achievement—with no euphemisms.

DEFENSE

The Missile Gap

In the presidential-election year of 1960, Democrats charged that the Republican Administration had imperiled the nation by permitting a "gap" to grow between the U.S. and Russia in the development of long-range missiles. That turned out to be wrong.

In the presidential-election year of 1964, it is Republicans, notably Barry Goldwater, who are talking about a missile gap. Goldwater insists that there is a crucial difference between the actual reliability of U.S. missiles and the promises made about them by officials of the Democratic Administration. Last week, despite a previous public rebuke from Defense Secretary Robert McNamara (*TIME*, Jan. 17), Goldwater was still at it. Speaking in New York, he accused McNamara of deliberately misleading the U.S. by saying that the Nike-Zeus antimissile missile is the "best weapon" of its kind. Said Goldwater: "I have never agreed with Secretary McNamara that we should lie to the American people about weapons systems."

As Goldwater pointed out, the actual facts and figures about missile reliability carry a secret classification. But the scoreboard on test firings, generally carried out under the most favorable possible conditions, is public information and does furnish a reliability index.

Kiddie Cars if Necessary. In early U.S. tests, recalls an Air Force general, liquid-fueled Atlas missiles "were blowing up like tin cans." But later improvements have raised the success average to about 70%. Of 199 Atlas firings, 137 have been successful. For liquid-fueled Titan I, the score reported by the Air Force is 47 successes, ten partial successes, seven failures. For Titan II, just becoming operational: 19 successes, seven partial successes, one failure. For the solid-fueled Minuteman: 45 successes, eleven partial successes, nine failures.

Even if these are the figures Goldwater has in mind, the Pentagon insists, he is telling only part of the story. Because of the "mix" of the total U.S. nuclear force and the multiple-teaming

of strategic objectives by "cross-targeting," SAC Commander Thomas Power says, he is certain that 90% of the targets would get plastered by U.S. missiles.

The mix of which Power talks includes 554 ICBMs, 176 submarine-launched Polaris A1 and A2 solid-fueled missiles (90% reliable in tests), 630 B-52 bombers and 720 B-47s. In "cross-targeting," as many as six missiles may be trained on a single target, with a wave of "follow-on" bombers ready to mop up if anything goes wrong. Says Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay: "If kiddie cars will do the job, we will use them."

"Uncertainties," Goldwater suggests that a high-altitude nuclear device set off over the U.S. by an enemy might produce electromagnetic rays that could trip circuits, blow fuses, melt wires, and leave missiles like sitting ducks in their silos. Though ranking officers claim that development of such a device is no more than a "wild chance," SAC has nonetheless protected its missiles with special electromagnetic shielding and ray-resistant circuits. Says one Defense Department official: "I think we've overprotected." Liquid-fueled missiles, which must take on their explosive loads of liquid oxygen just before firing, are giving way to quick-firing, solid-fueled Minutemen and Polaris.

"Certainly the missiles are not 100%," says a Defense Department official, "but we are improving every day." For all of that, the missilemen are not satisfied. "Over 90% of our present systems' unreliability," says Air Force Lieut. General Howell M. Estes, "is due to component-part failures. A failure of a \$25 fuel valve in a missile, for example, brought about both loss of the bird and major damage to the launch site, for a total bill of \$22 million."

Moreover, U.S. missiles have not been tested under combat conditions. Only one U.S. missile—a Polaris—has ever been fired with an atomic warhead aboard. Minuteman, says General Power, "has never been operationally tested all the way through from stockpile to detonation. . . . There are many

voids in our knowledge as to the operational capabilities and vulnerabilities of this weapons system." No one knows whether a nuclear blast could penetrate protective, underground missile silos, and McNamara has admitted to "uncertainties" in silo design.

Thus, while it is impossible to say that Goldwater is right, neither can it be said that he is all wrong.

LABOR

Dream Come True

"This," cried Jimmy Hoffa, "is one of the finest contracts ever negotiated in the U.S." For Teamster Boss Hoffa, it was also the fulfillment of a long-held dream: to bring Teamster locals under the umbrella of a single national agreement with truckers.

More than 400,000 Teamsters in 400 locals are covered by the three-year agreement with key industry executives in Chicago last week. For the Teamsters, who now get \$3.02 to \$3.28 an hour, it means a three-step pay raise of 28¢ an hour, with another \$5 a week per man for the union's medical-care and pension funds. For the trucking companies it means increased expenses of nearly \$400 million. For the truckers' customers, it spells an almost inevitable increase in rates. "Obviously," said Chief Industry Negotiator Carvel G. Zwingle, "we will have to do something to pick up the costs."

To protests that the contract would give the Teamsters the power of a nationwide strike that might amount to a stranglehold on the nation's economy, Hoffa offered sly reassurance. Such a national strike, he snorted, would only deprive him of his most potent weapon—playing off one employer against another by striking some while allowing others to operate.

For jubilant Jimmy, there were gloomier times just around the corner. In Chattanooga, Tenn., this week he goes to trial on charges of jury tampering—the sixth federal indictment brought against him in six years.



MINUTEMAN-LAUNCHING EXPLOSION IN FLORIDA
A \$25 failure can cost \$22 million.

THE HEMISPHERE



DUAL FLAG RAISING IN THE CANAL ZONE



CHIARI (LEFT) & VICE PRESIDENT GONZALEZ RUIZ MOURNING RIOT VICTIMS
When an agreement only adds to disagreement.

PANAMA

Semantics, Politics & Passion

From the balcony of his presidential palace, Panama's Roberto F. Chiari addressed a milling crowd of 3,000 demonstrators. There will be no diplomatic relations with the U.S., he cried, until the Americans promise to negotiate a new Panama Canal treaty. "I will not deviate one instant from that position." In Washington, Secretary of State Dean Rusk assured U.S. Senators that there would be no negotiations with Panama "under pressure or threat of violence." Through the tense and confused week, neither side budged: an OAS mediation team could do little more than keep an uneasy peace.

Only for a brief, early moment was there a flare of hope for quick settlement. After four days of talks, OAS mediators announced that Panama's Foreign Minister Galileo Solis and U.S. Special Envoy Edwin M. Martin had reached what sounded like an encouraging agreement. Under the arrangement, Panama would resume diplomatic relations with the U.S., "as quickly as possible," then within 30 days both countries would sit down to review "all existing matters" of conflict. But not long after the communiqué was broadcast, everything came unstuck. Claiming victory, Chiari announced that the U.S. was committed to renegotiate the original 1903 treaty. The U.S. vehemently denied this, held that the agreement was for "discussions" only, with nothing promised in advance.

Negociar, or Discutir. The sticking point was a matter of semantics—a single verb in the agreement, but an all-important one. The Spanish-language version read "negociar"—to negotiate. The English version read "discuss." Panamanians insisted that since the working language of the OAS meetings was Spanish, their version was correct, and

suggested that U.S. Envoy Martin, who does not speak Spanish, was confused. At first, the diplomats considered using the word *discutir*. But a Spanish-language purist objected that *discutir* implied argumentative discussion. Thus *negociar*, a softer word that means both discuss and negotiate, was substituted. Unconfused, Ed Martin at no time committed the U.S. to formal negotiations. He did, however, make a special point not to rule out treaty changes coming out of the discussions.

From Foreign Minister Galileo Solis on down, Panamanians accused the U.S. of bad faith. "Yankee doublecross," snarled a Communist student leader. "The U.S. has never in the history of our treaty relations completely fulfilled its obligations, and those that have been fulfilled have been done tardily and grudgingly," muttered an angry Panamanian official.

In Washington, there was dismay—and growing anger. President Johnson refused to back down. Annoyed U.S. officials raised the possibility that Chiari might not have intended to let the crisis simmer down, that the so-called "agreement" was merely a maneuver to put the U.S. in a bad light and bolster the Chiari party's chances in the May 10 elections.

Congress was outraged. "We are in the amazing position of having a country with one-third the population of Chicago kick us around," stormed Republican Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. "If we crumble in Panama, the reverberations of our actions will be felt around the world." Senators on both sides proposed an immediate study of alternative canal routes "to put an end," as New Hampshire's Norris Cotton said, "to the Panamanian monopoly." Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield proposed early talks with Mexico about a 165-mile sea-level canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in southern

Mexico. Everyone urged the administration to stand firm on Panama.

And Their Parents, Too. Hoping to keep tempers below the boiling point, Canal Zone authorities raised both the Panamanian and American flags over Balboa High School, where the first rioting broke out. Army troops were still on the alert for renewed violence. But most of them were pulled back a way from their positions confronting Panamanians directly across the border. Control of the Canal Zone was returned to Governor Robert J. Fleming Jr., who called schoolteachers together for a stern warning: "Tell the kids, any misbehavior and they're going back to the States—and their parents with them."

But flags were not the issue now. Panamanian extremists called for outright nationalization of the canal, and one Panama radio station kept dinnin the hate-filled slogan: "A good *Gringo* is a dead *Gringo*." Rumors flooded Panama City of a coup against Chiari if he gave so much as an inch on the issue of a new treaty. Students painted "Avenue of the Martyrs" on street signs along the Zone border and rubber-stamped every U.S. dollar they could find with "Yankee Go Home." A haggard and tragic-looking Chiari, with Vice President Sergio González Ruiz, led a parade of 40,000 mourners at the funeral of twelve Panamanians killed in the first week's riots. Opposition parties put Chiari on notice that he must never "betray the heroic gesture of Jan. 9."

At last, after threatening all week, Chiari made Panama's diplomatic break with the U.S. complete. All remaining officials in Panama's Washington embassy were recalled and its affairs there turned over to Costa Rica; all U.S. embassy personnel were ordered out of Panama. The U.S. charge and his family moved to the sanctuary of the Canal Zone, while a military airlift evacuated to the U.S. another 1,500 Americans

living in Panama. The U.S. consulates in Panama were still operating, and so were the Peace Corps and various AID missions. Special Envoy Martin was also staying on to see what he could do. But the discouraged OAS mediators gave up and departed for Washington, saying that perhaps this week the OAS would renew efforts to bring the two countries together.

CUBA

Fidel in Wonderland

He was halfway to Moscow aboard an Aeroflot TU-114 turboprop before the Cuban people were told that he was gone. Even to his Russian hosts, Fidel Castro's visit seemed a surprise. Only two welcoming banners could be seen hanging in the 21° cold at Vnukovo airport. But out rolled a Red carpet, and Premier Nikita Khrushchev was on hand to snuggle into the beard when the Maximum Leader came bounding down the ramp.

Sleds & Rugs. Why was he there for the second time in ten months? Easy, said Fidel. For years he had yearned to see Russia's winter wonderland. "I want to see the real hunters in Siberia and see how they live, how they battle with nature and how they prepare their food. It will be very interesting to live among these courageous people." Then it was off to romp in the snow, pose for photographers on a sled and zip down a children's playground slide on a rug. "I want to tell you the same thing I tell Cuban children," he cooed to a bevy of Russian towheads. "Learn well, and master knowledge so as to set an example to all the children of the world."

Aside from that snow job, the Russian press allowed only that Castro and Khrushchev were "talking about matters of interest to both parties." Washington's Castrologists had some ideas about what those matters might be. One theory was that Castro's recent talks with Soviet Presidium Member Nikolai

Podgorny had ended in a fiasco in Havana, with Podgorny more than a little annoyed because the Cubans didn't seem to know the value of a ruble. Though the Communists are pumping more than \$1,000,000 a day into Cuba, the economy is on the verge of collapse. Castro is desperately searching for more trade with the West like the deal he made a fortnight ago for \$10 million worth of British buses to bolster his transportation system. But Castro cannot pay for many such deals unless he can wheedle a further relaxation of the barter agreement under which Cuba sells its dwindling sugar crop to Russia at 6¢ a lb. v. the world market price of 10¢ a lb. And this might take some talking—since it would leave the Communists with even less than they already have to show for their aid.

Knocking Opportunity. Another possibility was that Castro had raced off to Moscow to talk about Panama and the opportunities for stepped-up Communist subversion in Latin America.

MORE AMERICAN THAN AMERICA



BALBOA IN THE CANAL ZONE

Few Americans abroad lead a more comfortable life, or are more self-consciously American, or engender more bitterness in their host nation than the colony of 36,000 U.S. citizens who live and work in the 553-sq.-mi. Canal Zone. Ten thousand U.S. servicemen are stationed at seven Army bases, two airfields and a naval base. Four thousand civilians work for the U.S. Government and its Panama Canal Co., tending the locks, running the railroad and providing the many services needed by a community that includes 20,000 dependents. Military personnel come and go. But the civilians are permanent fixtures. Many Zonians were born there; they regard the Zone as some-

thing sacred, a piece of the U.S. plunked down in Latin America. And they raise their children in security provided by the U.S. Government.

Salaries average \$8,000 a year—which goes a long way in the Zone. Balboa and Cristobal are model company towns with look-alike houses, bargain-priced groceries, liquor and clothing from Government commissaries, bowling and Hollywood movies at the service centers. Zonians go in for such back-home activities as the V.F.W., Lions Club and Boy Scouts. They have their own schools (including a junior college), country clubs and well-kept golf courses; 1,600 boats are registered at the yacht basin, and late-model cars are the rule, not the exception.

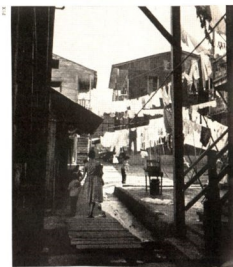
Across the line, Panama City (pop. 273,000) and Colón (pop. 60,000) are crowded and shabby, and the people are poor. The 15,000 Panamanians who work in the Zone do considerably better, with an average annual income of \$2,200. But they complain about discriminatory pay scales for equal jobs and other "exploitation," past and present. Only in 1955 did the U.S. abolish the humiliating "gold" and "silver" drinking fountains, toilets and pay lines—segregation dating back to canal-building days when Panamanians were paid in silver, Americans in gold.

Since then, in a series of agreements, the U.S. has upgraded local jobs and wages, though Zonians still draw a pay differential in all job classifications that embitters Panamanians. A Panamanian doctor earns \$12,500 as head of the chest clinic at Gorgas Hospital in the Zone; his nearest American subordinate on the staff gets about \$19,000. Nevertheless, the money Panamanians take home from the Zone gives the country's economy an important boost. In 1962,

U.S. Zone operations poured more than \$75 million into Panama, including \$23 million in direct purchases and \$33 million in wages.

The Zonians consider themselves the first line of defense against a Panamanian plot to seize a piece of U.S. property. They regard each U.S. concession as "appeasement," brought a lawsuit last year in a futile attempt to prevent the joint flying of flags. They have little contact with Panamanians; only about 10% of them bother to learn Spanish. A few Zonians even boast that they rarely cross the border to "the other side." But they do their jobs well and are quite satisfied with their way of life. "They have a right to be proud of building a neat little bit of America in these tropics," says a Zone official. "The difficulty is that in the course of the building they have become more American than the Americans themselves."

SLUMS IN PANAMA CITY





CASTRO & CHUMS
Some snow job.

But other than the standard Pravda denunciations of "Yankee imperialism," there was little indication that Moscow was anxious to risk the fragile *détente* abuilding with the U.S. Khrushchev himself waited a full week before publicly mentioning Panama, then limited himself to a relatively mild attack: "Display some reason, gentlemen. Get out before it is too late, before you are chucked out." What seemed to aggravate Khrushchev far more was the recent CIA report that Russia itself was in the throes of a grave economic crisis. In reply to that, he angrily shouted a new version of his famed "We'll bury you" crack: "You will vanish as though the earth had swallowed you before you see our economy failing."

THE BAHAMAS

A Little Bit Independent

Clouds of balloons floated out over the harbor and bright flags decorated staid old Bay Street in downtown Nassau. Past the reviewing stand, filled with bewigged and herobed colony officials, marched rows of schoolboys while policemen in starched white uniforms stood stiffly at attention and thousands of children sang and cheered. This did something called "limited independence" come to the Bahamas, Great Britain's 700 islands scattered over 90,000 square miles of sunny ocean off the tip of Florida.

London will still handle defense, internal security and foreign affairs. The Bahamians will take care of the rest, and for the island's 110,000 inhabitants that sort of limited self-rule seems quite enough. Declared portly Sir Roland Theodore Symonette, 65, head of the ruling United Bahamian Party and Premier under the new constitution: "There is no need for independence. I would never agree to it. We need guidance from the mother country, and that is what we are getting."

Bonks & Bunkers. The Bahamas are getting more than guidance from abroad—though not so much from Mother Britain. Long a tax haven for

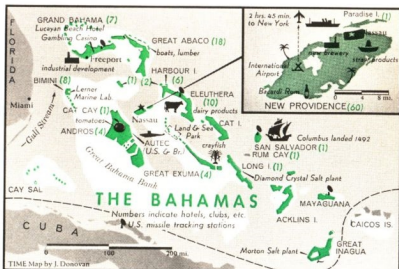
investors (no income tax, only a modest property tax), the Bahamas are pulling in new capital so fast that some call the islands "the Switzerland of the Western Hemisphere." One of the biggest law offices in Nassau is literally speckled with shingles identifying the "registered offices" of U.S. corporations basking in the balmy tax climate; so many wealthy Americans and Canadians are transferring funds south that Nassau boasts no fewer than 15 banks. "When we arrived in 1947," says an officer of Barclays Royal Bank of Canada, "there was only one bank in Nassau. Now we ourselves have 16 offices around the Bahamas."

Banking is only part of the boom. The main island of New Providence will soon have a new \$2,800,000 Baccardi rum factory; such firms as Bethlehem Steel, Whirlpool, Owens-Illinois Glass and Outboard Marine have come in with overseas sales offices. On Grand Bahama, a \$1,500,000 bunkering terminal pumps more than 1,000,000 bbl. of marine fuel a month into vessels from all over the world, while close by a subsidiary of U.S. Steel is building a \$50 million cement plant. Even the cold

war is pumping life into the sultry economy. The U.S. Air Force has four huge missile tracking bases in the Bahamas, plus more than 70 smaller stations dotted along the island chain. On Andros, the biggest Bahama of them all, the U.S. and Great Britain are spending \$100 million to build an Atlantic Underwater Test Evaluation Center (AUTEC) for submarines.

Money Making Money. Tourism, of course, is still king, and the Bahamians know that the islands will never support heavy industry. Says Sir Stafford Sands, 50, Minister of Finance and Tourism: "We're best off selling the product we have—the world's best climate plus easy accessibility to the world's biggest travel population." Drawing 546,000 tourists last year, the Bahamas doubled Bermuda's tourist intake, outdrew Jamaica 3 to 2, and ranked only behind Puerto Rico in total Caribbean tourist trade. Some Bahamians feel that their archipelago will soon outstrip Puerto Rico, and Sands predicts a 1,000,000-tourist year by 1971. One new lure: gambling. In the Bahamas' first real plunge, a casino opened its doors this month at Canadian Financier Lou Chesler's Lucayan Beach Hotel on Grand Bahama.

The only rain cloud over the Bahamas these days is political, and that may be more imagined than real. Nine out of 33 seats in the island assembly are held by the all-Negro Progressive Liberal Party, whose membership includes one man who campaigned in last year's general election on a promise to distribute the Royal Bank of Canada's money among his supporters. But the P.L.P.'s reins are firmly in the hands of capable Lynden O. Pindling, 33, a London-educated lawyer whose main disagreement with the United Bahamian Party is over taxes. Pindling feels that the rich could contribute a bit more through stricter collection of property taxes or even a business tax. But he is not about to advocate an income tax. After all, who wants to kill the golden goose?



THE WORLD



TIME Map by J. Donovan

AFRICA

Hopes & Realities

The dream of independence has many names. In Togo it is *ablodé*, in Rwanda *ubwigenge*, in Swahili-speaking East Africa *uhuru*. But by any name the dream often becomes a horrible nightmare in the execution.

Of the 32 African nations that have achieved independence since the end of World War II (25 in 1960-63 alone), more than half have been racked by severe political and economic convulsions, ranging from the bloody civil wars of the Congo to virtual bankruptcy in Guinea to the assassination of a President in Togo. Under moderate leaders like Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa and Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere, independence has brought stability. Under Red-hot redeemers like Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, it has sometimes



FIELD MARSHAL OKELLO
Making 100 grenades an hour.

brought political repression and financial ruin.

Last week the world's headlines once again were filled with coups and chaos, border clashes and broader questions. Bands of murderous Somali *shifitas* prowled the wastelands of Ethiopia and Kenya, sniping at trucks and burning police outposts. The Ethiopians retaliated by sending three fighter planes to strafe Somali border posts. Before the latest border incident was over, 58 had died on both sides, and Somalia was no closer to achieving its aim of annexing its neighbors' grazing land.

To the south, in Rwanda, tribal tensions that had been building for decades erupted into murder. In Ghana, where he was entertaining Red China's Chou En-lai, Kwame Nkrumah worked relentlessly toward his goal of achieving a one-party dictatorship. In the Congo, the old bogey of secession once again threatened. And on the 34th day of independence for the clove-scented island of Zanzibar, revolt spilled hopes and blood into the azure Indian Ocean.

ZANZIBAR

The Cuckoo Coup

An air of weird unreality hung over the sleepy, sun-baked capital of the world's newest "people's republic." Cuban-trained "freedom fighters" sporting Fidelista beards and berets stalked the narrow twisting streets. Carloads of whooping blacks careered through the Arab and Indian quarters, looting and shooting. Radios blared ominous messages of doom and death. From the hood of one car dangled a grisly trophy: the testicles of a murdered Arab.

The coup that last week toppled Zanzibar's month-old government had its roots in racial conflict. Africans outnumbered Arabs 5 to 1 on the tiny twin islands of Zanzibar and Pemba (pop. 310,000). In last year's elections, the two Arab parties won control of the government although the black Afro-Shirazi Party polled 54% of the vote. Now the blacks exercised their plurality in a more direct manner. Before the week was out, more than 500 Zanzibaris were dead, and the new government—packed with leftists loyal to Peking and Havana—threatened to make once-somnolent pro-Western Zanzibar the Cuba of the Indian Ocean.

Bows & Arrows. The transition was swift and bloody. Led by a fanatical Uganda-born and Cuban-trained "field marshal" named John Okello, 27, a ragtag, 600-man army carrying *pangas*, bows and arrows raided two police armories. Then the rebels swept into Zanzibar Town before dawn, passing out guns to Afro-Shirazis and members of the outlawed Red Chinese-orientated Umma Party. In less than twelve hours,

the Arab government of Sultan Seyyid Jamshid bin Abdullah had fallen, its ministers were in jail, and the 34-year-old sultan himself was hurrying toward asylum in Tanganyika.

Okello quickly took to the radio, boasting and threatening like a mad witch doctor. "It is I, the field marshal, who speaks," he boomed, posturing in his specially designed black uniform. "The power behind me is 999,999,000. I shall take severe measures, 88 times more severe than my predecessors. Anyone looting even a bar of soap will be liable to jail for no less than eight years. I can make 100 grenades in an hour."

As he babbled on, quieter but more dangerous men were busy. Back from



PRESIDENT KARUME
In the Cuba of the Indian Ocean . . .

the mainland, where they had gone in case the coup failed, rushed the people who would lead "the people": Afro-Shirazi Party Boss Abeid Karume and Umma's Abdul Rahman Mohammed, better known as "Babu" (Swahili for father). Karume, a burly, buck-necked labor leader who leans to Moscow (and therefore may be the group's moderate), became President, while Babu, whose experience in foreign affairs includes a recent trip to Peking, was named Foreign Minister. Vice President is Kassim Hanga, a bitter Zanzibari with a Russian wife, a Moscow education, and a violent hatred of the U.S. Last November, when the Parliament moved to express formal regret over President Kennedy's death, Hanga walked out in protest. Though Strongman Okello belated that he was the power behind the new government, it was Babu & Co. who appeared as the real threat.

Rage & Recognition. Worried for the safety of American citizens on the island, U.S. Chargé d'Affaires Frederick Picard quickly evacuated the Project

Mercury Space Tracking Station outside Zanzibar Town and sent dozens of official personnel and dependents off to Tanganyika on a U.S. destroyer. But four American newsmen (including TIME's William Smith) arrived in Zanzibar to provide a target for the government's wrath. The reporters sailed in on an Arab dhow and began asking questions. Karume, who wanted no visitors, had them placed under house arrest in the Zanzibar Hotel. When Picard intervened, Karume stormed into the hotel lounge and exploded. "Why are you interfering in our internal affairs?" he raged. "Why, why, why? Why did you evacuate your people without informing us? Why will you not recognize us?" He ordered Picard arrested, and armed thugs marched the diplomat off at gunpoint. Next day, Picard and the journalists were ordered off the island,

buildings and schools. A curfew was imposed on the panic-stricken provincial capital of Kikwit, and the families of four U.S. missionaries were hastily evacuated from their posts, 22 miles from the city.

Leader of the rebels is Pierre Mulele, 34, self-styled "ambassador" to Cairo under the ousted secessionist regime of Red-lining Antoine Gizenga, who has been in prison for the last two years. Mulele lived in Egypt as Nasser's guest for a while, then departed for Red China, where he received training in guerrilla tactics. Secretly returning to Kwilu province last summer, he organized military training camps in the dense forests, made frequent trips to Brazzaville, capital of the former French Congo and the hangout for exiled Congolese extremists plotting against the central government. There, Mulele presumably obtained funds and equipment from Red Chinese and Soviet agents, for when Congo police came upon Mulele's outposts, they found copies of Mao Tse-tung's handbook on guerrilla warfare, Soviet-made cameras, a combat radio, homemade gasoline bombs made from beer bottles—and two Russian fur hats. It was just such subversive activities as this that led Congo Premier Cyrille Adoula to expel Russia's entire 100-man mission from Leopoldville last November. Clearly, Moscow's men were still not ready to give up their primary effort: to topple Adoula's government.

RWANDA

Bodies in the Lake

"A new situation seems to have developed in Rwanda," a spokesman for the International Committee of the Red Cross declared in Geneva last week. Indeed it had. In the onetime Belgian colony, a tribal massacre little short of genocide was under way. By conservative estimate, 6,000 Watutsi men, women and children have already been slaughtered or tortured to death by hordes of Bahutu warriors.

For centuries the giant (average height: 6 ft. 6 in.), Watutsi ruled the more primitive native Bahutu as their slaves. The tables were turned in 1960 when the Belgians staged an election in which the 1,500,000 Bahutu wrenched control from their longtime feudal masters, who numbered only about 250,000. The Bahutu wreaked a savage reprisal; after Rwanda won its independence in July 1962, some 86,000 Watutsi streamed into neighboring Tanganyika, Uganda, Burundi and the Congo's Kivu Province.

But the Watutsi tribesmen vowed revenge. Bands of night-time raiders called *inzenzi* ("cockroaches") began attacking Bahutu villages. The week before Christmas, thousands of Watutsi refugees suddenly invaded Rwanda from three countries. Although they advanced to within a few miles of the

Rwanda capital, Kigala, the Watutsi were finally repulsed in a bloody battle.

At that, the Bahutu set about exterminating their enemies once and for all. Even Watutsi families who never left the country were massacred. Children were impaled, the forearms of Watutsi men were cut off, and the men sent into the jungle to die. Hundreds more were tossed into the Ruzizi River, which carried maimed bodies 125 miles until they bobbed up in Lake Tanganyika.

ASIA

Seaweed & Soothing Words

No two people seem less likely to be friendly than Indonesia's President Sukarno and U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy. But on Bobby's official visit to Indonesia two years ago, he and Sukarno quickly fell into an easy kid-



KENNEDY & SUKARNO
Getting the message through.

ding relationship. Hopeful that the glow from the previous meeting still lingered, Lyndon Johnson last week dispatched Bobby to Sukarno's Tokyo vacation headquarters to try to cool off the Indonesian leader in his bitter dispute with the fledgling Federation of Malaysia.

By bluff and bluster, Sukarno is determined to "crush Malaysia," which he claims is a "neocolonialist" British puppet state. Along the perilous 900-mile jungle border between Indonesian Borneo and the Malaysian territories of Sarawak and Sabah, British and Malaysian troops have fought a series of bloody clashes with Indonesian "volunteers," who dart back and forth across the frontier sacking military outposts.

Over a breakfast of seaweed, bean paste soup and pickled cabbage in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, Kennedy told Sukarno of U.S. concern that the Malaysian crisis would flare into full-scale war. Behind Bobby's soothing words was the clear implication that the U.S. might curb its \$12 million aid program to the chaotic and nearly bankrupt Indonesian



FOREIGN MINISTER MOHAMMED
... the grave is ready.

and rigid censorship was imposed on the reporters who remained.

Recognition of the new regime poured in from Communist countries: North Korea, Cuba, Red China, the Soviet Union. Okello, taking time out from his broadcasting to thank Moscow for its recognition, messaged Nikita Khrushchev his agreement that capitalism should be buried. On Zanzibar at least, declared Okello, "the grave is ready."

THE CONGO

On the Rampage

Each time the troubled Congo settles into something resembling normality, a new revolt shatters its fragile unity. Last week the government rushed off troop reinforcements to Kwilu province, a rich agricultural area 250 miles east of Leopoldville, where some 500 Communist-supplied tribal guerrillas were on the rampage. The leftist insurgents controlled about one-third of the territory, had burned and looted a palm-oil plantation, administration

economy. Sukarno got the message, expressed a willingness to discuss the crisis with Malaysia's Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman and with Philippines President Diosdado Macapagal, who also opposes the federation. At week's end Bobby flew off to Manila and Kuala Lumpur, seeking an O.K. from Macapagal and the Tunku. Chances for a meeting of the three seem good.

INDIA

Blood in the Streets

In 1947 the partition of India into two independent nations unleashed such bitter religious strife between Moslem and Hindu that the subcontinent nearly drowned in blood. More than 100,000 people were killed and 12 million left homeless in an orgy of butchery, rape and destruction. Last week the horrible memories of those ugly days came back to India as mobs ran loose in Kashmir, East Pakistan and West Bengal.

First came the troubles in Indian Kashmir's capital of Srinagar, where the loss of a treasured Moslem relic kindled anti-Hindu feelings (TIME, Jan. 10). As rumors spread, Moslem mobs in East Pakistan sacked Hindu shops and homes, left 29 dead before the army restored order. Panic-stricken, hundreds of Hindu families poured across the East Pakistan border into West Bengal, then headed for Calcutta, 35 miles away.

Spreading Infection. Calcutta's explosive social conditions had already brought relations between the city's Hindu majority and its 1,000,000 Moslems to the boiling point. Tens of thousands sleep on the streets or in abandoned sewer pipes and gutters are clogged with garbage, cow dung and human excrement; the water is polluted, epidemics frequent, poverty rampant, and unemployment endemic. In this morass of 6,500,000 people, the Hindu refugees' Moslem-atrocity stories spread like an infection. Inevitably, Calcutta's Hindus retaliated.

Pouring into the streets, Hindu mobs tossed kerosene-soaked rags into Moslem shops, then lit them with fireworks. Looters paraded their booty in hand-carts for public view. In one outlying district, four police constables stood off hundreds of looters until their ammunition ran out. One constable escaped; the rest were killed on the spot. Moslem pedestrians were grabbed in the streets and beaten to death, and knifings were so numerous that Calcutta police simply released the total of stabbing deaths each day without giving details.

Swinging Pendulum. For four days smoke billowed over Calcutta's skyline. Finally, Home Minister G. L. Nanda ordered two army battalions into the city, told them to show "no mercy in quelling the disorder." The army clamped martial law on five of the city's 25 police districts, gunned down looters and arsonists in the streets, threw more than 10,000 demonstrators into jail. By the time order was restored, 200 were

dead, 600 wounded, 73,000 homeless, and whole portions of the city razed. Hoping to minimize the religious aspect of the rioting, West Bengal officials took pains to claim that the death toll was evenly distributed between Hindus and Moslems. But the pendulum had already swung back the other way. More than 5,000 Moslems left West Bengal and fled across the border to East Pakistan. At week's end, in the East Pakistan capital of Dacca, mobs killed 50 Hindus.

The Architect

News of the riots was at first kept from India's ailing Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. A week after his stroke, he looked weak and his left eye seemed strained and unfocused. The Indian government insisted that Nehru



LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI
A teetotaler, but no Sanyasi.

was rapidly on the mend, but privately even the most optimistic of his doctors indicated that the 74-year-old Indian leader would be bedridden for at least two months, and after that would be able to work for only a few hours daily.

Center of Gravity. More and more, Congress Party leaders were arguing for a succession arrangement. Many were dismayed at the unofficial bedside power wielded by Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi; they would like to see her officially installed as chief of the External Affairs Ministry, where her wide knowledge of diplomacy could be put to good use—and where party officials could keep an eye on her. Nehru may soon be forced to elevate to the Cabinet someone who in fact would run the country. Likeliest prospect, and leading candidate to succeed Nehru: former Home Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri.

Shastri's major qualifications are that he is personally close to Nehru and that he has almost no political enemies. Bland and self-effacing, he is almost the center of gravity of the Congress Party, is thus an ideal compromise between the party's left and right wings. Shastri

is a devout believer in nonalignment, but thinks that India must also forge strong ties to the Western democracies. Though committed to socialism, he is far less doctrinaire than India's stricken leader, says: "We must relieve the misery of the people and raise their economic condition. I don't believe that there is only one way to do that."

Swimming to School. A tiny, wizened vegetarian and teetotaler who stands only 5 ft. 2 in. and weighs a mere 105 lbs., Shastri* has never been out of India. As a schoolboy he was so poor that he swam the Ganges daily with his books strapped to his head because he lacked boat fare. During India's struggle for independence, Shastri spent a total of seven years in jail, once fasted so long that his weight dwindled to 72 lbs. He entered the Cabinet in 1952 as Minister for Railways and Transport, a decade later became Home Minister and Nehru's "architect of compromise." In the last two general elections, he ran the Congress Party's victorious campaign machinery, good training for high positions. Modestly, Shastri insists that he has never sought public office, but admits, "I am not a Sanyasi"—a Hindu who renounces all worldly ambition.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Bad Day in the Delta

When American helicopter crewmen in South Viet Nam begin a mission over Communist territory, they never fail to take foot-square chunks of thick steel plate. As seat pads, the pieces of steel are not much comfort. But as protection from Red bullets, they often mean the difference between life and intestine-ripping death. "Pucker up, and pray," is the cry over the intercoms as the brave men who fly the choppers into the Mekong Delta head off toward the land of vertical gunfire.

Last week, neither steel plates nor prayers helped the hapless men who died in the biggest helicopter airlift of the Viet Nam war. Wave after wave of choppers—27 in all—droned onto an island in the mouth of the Mekong River 60 miles south of Saigon and disgorged 1,500 South Vietnamese marines, paratroopers and rangers. Simultaneously, in from the South China Sea swarmed an armada of junks and landing barges with another 1,000 men. On hand to observe the most ambitious strike against the Viet Cong in weeks were top brass, led by General Paul D. Harkins, commander of U.S. military forces in South Viet Nam, and Vietnamese Chief of Staff Major General Le Van Kim.

The objective was to destroy a guerrilla training camp and supply depot on the island, which was defended by a battalion of Viet Cong troops. As orange tracer bullets streaked into the

* "Shastri" is actually an honorific title grafted onto his real name, Lal Bahadur. Although calling him Shastri is like calling a U.S. liberal-arts graduate "Mr. Bachelor of Arts," he is universally known by that name.

sky from Communist foxholes, a turbine-powered, UH-1A ("Huey") support helicopter, laden with rockets, fluttered down to "zap" the enemy. Suddenly the Huey was hit, and exploded in a ball of flame; the four Americans aboard, and their Vietnamese crewman, never had a chance. As the battle blazed, the desperate Viet Cong poured murderous fire into the other whirlybirds. Fourteen more were hit but limped back to Saigon. On the second day another Huey, zeroing in on a Communist beach emplacement, lost its rear rotor to an enemy bullet, fell like a stone into the sea.

MIDDLE EAST

Euphoria on the Nile

It became clear last week that there is one miracle ingredient that can produce at least temporary unity in the wrangling Arab world: hatred of Israel.

The kings, princes, sheikhs, presidents and dictators of twelve other Arab nations poured into Cairo in answer to Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser's call for unified action against Israel's intention this spring to divert the waters of the Jordan River to irrigate the Negev desert. Declared Israel's Labor Minister: "We will pump water even under gunfire, and we will defend ourselves against any attack!"

Nasser's Kiss. Nasser's reaction was equally militant. "For the sake of Palestine," he told the Arab world, "we are ready to meet with those with whom we quarrel, and to sit with those against whom we strive!" Observers of the summit could scarcely believe their eyes. Arab leaders who have been actively trying to cut each other's throats were suddenly enveloped in each other's arms. Saudi Arabia's King Saud, who once spent \$5,300,000 trying to procure Nasser's assassination, was embraced and kissed by the man he tried to kill. Yemen's pudgy President Abdullah Sallal sat genially beside his bitter enemies, King Saud and Jordan's King Hussein, who have invested money and munitions in seeking the overthrow of Sallal's regime.

In long private sessions, Nasser vowed to withdraw his forces from Yemen, and, in return, the Saudis vowed to cut off aid to Yemen's royalist rebels. "I don't want Yemen," Nasser declared. "I don't want to endanger or control any Arab land. I want only that all Arabs should unite against the Israeli threat." So it went down the line. Only last October, Algeria and Morocco tried to redraw their disputed boundary with blood, but last week in Cairo, Morocco's King Hassan II and Algeria's ebullient Ahmed ben Bella warmly agreed to mediation. Jordan and Saudi Arabia reopened diplomatic relations with Egypt, which also re-established relations with Tunisia and Morocco. Jordan's King Hussein, so often in the past denounced by Nasser as a hireling and imperialist stooge, emotionally explained that his nation only accepted Anglo-American aid in order to become self-supporting.

Secret Sessions. The euphoria of the chiefs extended over a mile-square area around Cairo's glass-walled Nile Hilton hotel. Each Arab nation got a half-floor to itself—24 double rooms, plus a three-room corner suite overlooking the Nile and the gardens of Gezira island. Even Nasser moved into the hotel. Egyptian army engineers broke through the walls of both the Hilton and the Arab League Headquarters building, 100 yards distant, and linked the two with a temporary esplanade carpeted in vivid green. Some 2,000 soldiers and police provided security, and traffic, forced to detour around the summit area, snarled downtown Cairo.

Though the sessions were secret, the emerging Arab strategy was not. The

gust is seven months away and, remarkable as was the spectacle of Arab unity last week in Cairo, not even the most optimistic observers were prepared to say that the volatile Arab world has put more than a momentary end to fratricidal quarrels, personal ambitions and national self-interests.

FRANCE

The Cold Slap

President Charles de Gaulle last week detonated a political bomb that scattered fallout from the Formosa Strait to Washington's Foggy Bottom. The blockbuster: France will "soon" recognize Red China.

The U.S. got the word twice on the



ARAB LEADERS IN CAIRO*
Lots of unity at the Hilton.

summit meeting placed on Jordan, Syria and reluctant Lebanon the burden of controlling the headwaters and tributaries of the Jordan River that rise in their territory. By constructing dams and canals, the Arab states can divert the flow of the Yarmuk, Banias, Hasbani and Dan rivers, and thereby reduce the water level of the Jordan far below Israel's requirements.

Should this happen, it is considered almost certain that Israel will go to war and either occupy the Jordan watershed in Syria and Lebanon, or the west bank of the river. In reply, Nasser would immediately commit Egypt's armed forces in support of the Arab countries under attack. Under no illusions about Arab military inferiority, Nasser does not hope to overwhelm Israel but, instead, to call upon the U.S., the Soviet Union and the United Nations for help.

At week's end all 13 states agreed on a unified military command under Egypt's Lieut. General Ali Amer, and a second summit meeting was scheduled for Alexandria next August. But Au-

same day. In Paris, U.S. Ambassador Charles Bohlen was called to the Quai d'Orsay and informed of France's intention. In Washington, dapper French Ambassador Hervé Alphand gave the cold slap to Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman. The French government, said Alphand, considered it necessary "to fill the void" left by the Sino-Soviet dispute by accepting "the reality" of China.

Fragile Balance. U.S. policymakers bounced like popcorn on a hot stove. Many viewed De Gaulle's arbitrary action, undertaken without consulting his NATO allies, as simply a cheap way for France to demonstrate its independence in foreign affairs. Washington maintains that the French move is both mischievous and unwise because 1) it

* Front row, left to right: Lebanon's Premier Rashid Karame, Syria's Premier Amin Hafez, Sudan's President Ibrahim Abboud, Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba, Iraq's President Abdel Salam Aref, Algeria's President Ahmed ben Bella, Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, Jordan's King Hussein.

will not soften Red China's militancy or even necessarily help trade (the Dutch have formal trade relations with China, but sell less there than do the Belgians, who have none); 2) it upsets the "very fragile balance" in the Far East and can have incalculable repercussions around the Chinese perimeter; 3) it creates an "acute" situation in the United Nations, since the additional votes of France, the French African states and, perhaps, Canada and Belgium may result in a seat for China's Communists next fall.

De Gaulle's spokesmen explain that he feels the West should face up to the reality that "China exists," and take advantage of the Sino-Soviet split and the emergence of an independent China policy to open an avenue of contact with the vast human and geographic mass that China represents. Embittered U.S. officials grumbled that De Gaulle has completely overlooked the fact that the U.S. has paid and is still paying to keep troops in South Korea facing the Communist threat, is financing the Chinese Nationalist military effort on Formosa, and is currently engaged in a fighting war with Communism in South Viet Nam.

Urgent Call. The next question was whether France could keep its diplomatic relations with "both Chinas." Paris seemed willing to do so, and Red China might well go along. Faced with the "incredible" reports of De Gaulle's action, a special policy committee of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang party scheduled an emergency session. On the basis of precedent, Formosa seemed to have no alternative but to sever relations with France.

For the U.S., the problem is even more complex. Washington must weigh De Gaulle's intransigence against his proven faithfulness as an ally in such moments of crisis as the confrontation with Khrushchev over the missiles in Cuba. What the situation seemed to call for urgently was a personal meeting between Charles de Gaulle and Lyndon Johnson for an examination in depth of Franco-American differences. De Gaulle's move toward recognition of Red China is simply one more in a long list of policy conflicts, and it is unlikely that relations will improve without a dialogue between the Presidents.

EUROPE

Pilgrims' Progress

To make instant, front-page news, the European Common Market has only to cut a tariff or cry "Yankee chickens, go home!" What goes largely unreported is its statesmen's cautious groping toward the political unity for which economic integration is the essential groundwork. Last week, just one year after Charles de Gaulle abruptly scotched Britain's bid to join the Common Market, France's partners were once more engaged in an earnest attempt to bring Britain into an outward-looking, integrated Europe. Highlights:



HOME & ERHARD IN LONDON
Prosperity through togetherness.

► In Washington, before a joint session of Congress, Italy's President Antonio Segni ringingly rejected Gaullist notions of a European third force, argued that the Atlantic Alliance "is in fact the reality that holds us together and favors European unification."

► In London, West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, on his first official visit to Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home, did much to alleviate British mistrust of Germany by emphasizing his own post-Adenauer view of "a prosperous, happy and free Europe that can only be achieved together with the United Kingdom."

In their attempts to bridge Europe's age-old nationalisms, Erhard, Segni and other European statesmen will crisscross the Continent in coming weeks. De Gaulle to the contrary, they are convinced that Europe's tenuous economic ties must be anchored in permanent political institutions if the Continent is not to remain forever a headless "torso."

WEST GERMANY

Doing Dandy

How is Ludwig Erhard doing as Chancellor of West Germany? Just dandy, according to all the polls. Gone are the slumping statistics that showed his Christian Democrats losing to the opposition Socialists. Now that faltering Konrad Adenauer is out of the picture, 62% of the voters think that Erhard is doing a "very good" or "good" job. Some 49% of the Socialists who were polled thought so too.

The results cast gloom over a session of the Socialist Party executive committee, which met last week in West Berlin to name a successor to the late Party Chairman Erich Ollenhauer. After two hours of desultory discussion over coffee and *Johannisbeersaft* (currant juice), they picked the only candidate for the job, West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt. He faces a tough job. As one Socialist leader candidly put it: "The boom goes on. People are more prosperous than ever, and they identify prosperity with Erhard."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Once & Future Merlyn

Deep in the Forest Sauvage some 1,400 years ago, Merlyn the Magician shared a cluttered cottage with two hedgehogs, six grass snakes, a stuffed phoenix, a buzzing beehive, six pismires, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (14th edition) and countless wonders for the eyes of Wart, the boy who was to become King Arthur.

Historians deride the legend of Merlyn and doubt that Arthur ever ruled in England. One medievalist who knew better was Terence Hanbury White, who wrote the massive (677 pages), moving Arthurian tetralogy, *The Once and Future King*, from which came Broadway's *Camelot* and Hollywood's *The Sword in the Stone*. To many critics, it is one of the few classics of 20th century English literature.

Arthurian Cocktails. T. H. White, who died last week of a heart ailment at 57, was Merlyn. A blue-eyed, white-bearded six-footer who looked like an antic Elijah, he shared with the magician a hunger for knowledge and a delight in conveying it to others. A complex, lonely, compassionate man, he believed with Merlyn: "The best thing for being sad is to learn something. That is the only thing which the mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust, and never dream of regretting."

White himself learned to fly and skindive, was a proficient cameraman, hunter, horseman, sailor, archer, painter, naturalist, fisherman, falconer. From a mind as chockablock as Merlyn's cottage—or his own—he could unlimber the rules of jousting, describe the nervous systems of fish, discourse on medieval cocktails (one favorite was called *Father Whoresonne*). He was the first scholar to translate a medieval Latin bestiary into English; he produced a minor classic on falconry (*The Goshawk*), wrote moving poetry.

From Dark to White. "My health is always better when I am drinking," Tim White once explained. But it was only in

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NOVELIST WHITE

In the *Forest Sauvage*, an antic Elijah.

the last four years of his life—thanks to some \$3,000 a month from *Camelot* royalties—that he could always pay for his medicine. For *The Sword in the Stone*, which was sold outright when he was desperately poor, Walt Disney paid him a munificent \$2,000. Since 1948 he had lived in Alderney, a pebble-sized Channel Island, where he won the natives' hearts by announcing that he was a 17-time bigamist on the lam from London.

In his books, the Arthurian epic is a profound and pious chronicle of his nation's founding, the glory of an age that never seemed Dark to White. From it came the Matter of Britain, the lesson of greatness, and White was its subtle sage. Bombay-born, the son of an Indian army officer, he was "a nostalgic Tory" who had little sympathy for Sir Grummore Grummurson, as he called Colonel Blimp's Arthurian ancestor. White did not lament the decline of empire so much as the withering of English virtues commended by 15th century Printer William Caxton: "Chyvalrye, curtoysie, humanyte, frendlynnesse, hardynesse, love." In an age that celebrates the anti-hero, the neurotic, the schemer, Tim White argued that morality was something worth striving for. His conviction that justice rather than force must govern all human relationships seems even more relevant than in Arthur's days.

To Avilion, Bachelor White confessed recently that he could "count only seven happy years" in all his life. Yet he always believed with Arthur that mankind is "on the whole more decent than beastly." After a two-month, coast-to-coast U.S. lecture tour in late 1963, he spoke with keen pleasure of the kindness he encountered in America. When he left Manhattan last month for a Mediterranean cruise, he planned to write a book about his U.S. odyssey,

hoped soon to complete a novel about Tristan and Isolde. But for White, as for his once and future king,

It was too late. It was his destiny to die, or, as some say, to be carried off to Avilion, where he could wait for better days.

SOUTH AFRICA

Go South, Young (White) Man

South Africa might seem like the last place in the Western world where a man would want to risk his future. Denounced by the U.N. for its white-supremacy policies, and boycotted by almost every other African nation, the country is perpetually haunted by the threat of an internal racial explosion. Yet a surprising number of white settlers are ignoring the *swart gevaar* (as Afrikaners call the "black danger") to seek a new life in the controversial land. For three years, more whites have moved to South Africa than have left, and in 1963 net immigration reached an estimated 26,000—the highest total in the 15-year reign of the pro-apartheid Nationalist regime.

\$168 per Head. In part, the influx is the result of a government campaign to lure European skilled craftsmen and professionals, who are in short supply in South Africa. The Verwoerd regime desperately wants to change the population balance, which currently stands at 3,250,000 whites v. 13,815,000 Africans, Coloreds and Asians. In cities across Europe, newspaper ads extol the virtues of South Africa, and recruitment centers offer a \$168 grant for each approved man, woman and child immigrant.

And indeed, for a man whose skin is both white and thick, the land of apartheid can, in a sense, be a land of unlimited opportunity. Despite Afro-Asian efforts to cut off its trade, gold-and-diamond-rich South Africa is bursting

with prosperity, and jobs abound. Recently a Johannesburg auto firm conducted a month-long, nationwide advertising campaign for mechanics, did not get a single reply.

A Matter of Time. Almost half the immigrants—11,000 in the past year—come from Britain, many complaining of the cold weather and unemployment at home; others arrive from Holland, West Germany, Italy, Portugal, Greece and Scandinavia. A second trek to South Africa is under way among whites fleeing African territories being taken over by black nationalists; a bearded Afrikaner who had been farming in Kenya, which won its freedom last month, crossed back into his homeland in his ten-year-old Chevrolet, jumped out, and literally knelt down and kissed the red Transvaal dust. So many whites have migrated from the neighboring white-dominated Central African Federation, which was dissolved last New Year's Eve, that hundreds of such "refugees" are living in house trailers in South African cities. During the last three weeks of 1963, 3,000 more of them poured across the Limpopo River through the Southern Rhodesian border township of Beitbridge.

Most of the immigrants shrug off any concern about the future. This is especially true of the newcomers from Europe, who consist mainly of married couples intent on finding their place under South Africa's eternal sun, and on enjoying the easy living in a land where nannies and houseboys can still be hired for \$30 a month. Said an engineer from England, Philip Bacchus, who with his wife and two children arrived with 526 fellow immigrants on the liner *Empress of Britain*: "After all, there is trouble everywhere." But won't the new arrivals be sickened at the sight of apartheid? Predicts one observer: "After the initial revulsion, they will, like their predecessors, avert their eyes."



IMMIGRANTS ARRIVING IN JOHANNESBURG
For the thick of skin, a place in the sun.

PEOPLE

Lyndon Baines Johnson does not do things by halves, and **Susan Wagner**, 53, wife of New York's mayor, found it out first hand. In St. Luke's Hospital for a checkup, she was the pleased recipient of a surprise getwellogram. "When I learned you were in the hospital, I thought about the many long hours you spent in being hospitable to me and mine in 1960," wrote L.B.J. in horizon-to-horizon Texas style. "I realize I was one of those who probably contributed to asking you to do too much. Lady Bird joins me in praying that you will be out of the hospital and well very quickly. We want you to know we love you very much."

A source in the Soviet space program just could not keep from busting his buttons, and the news, still officially unconfirmed, was out that Cosmonette **Valentina Tereshkova**, 26, and Cosmonaut **Andrian Nikolayev**, 34, married last November, are expecting a child next summer.

Hardly anyone could believe that carefully curried **Cary Grant** had turned 60. But not even **Sophie Tucker** could believe that she was 80. After a one-candle-cake celebration during her annual birthday engagement at New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel, she took issue with her reported octogenarian status. "I'm 76," protested the very last of the red-hot mamas. "I'll tell you why the statistics are mixed up. I was 16 when I first went to New York, and the law was you couldn't work in a cabaret until you were 18. So I went home and painted up and piled my hair up high and passed for 20. The record has been bugging me ever since. Good Lord, I won't be alive when I'm 80."



SOPHIE
Keep breathing.



INGRID WITH ROBERTINO, LITTLE INGRID & ISABELLA
Stay friends.

And what was her secret for getting as far as she had? "Keep breathing," she dimpled.

The family long ago accepted his death, but the legal loose ends still remained to be cleared up. At last, in a Westchester, N.Y., surrogate's court, an affidavit was filed by his father to have **Michael Rockefeller** declared legally deceased. Lost two years ago off the southern New Guinea coast when his catamaran capsized, Mike at 23 left an estate of \$660,000 in mixed investments. In the absence of a will, the money will go to his parents, Nelson Rockefeller and First Wife Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller.

The last minute is the best time to change your mind. At least **Roswell Gilpatric**, 57, thinks so. Finally making his much-talked-about return to private law practice after three years as Deputy Defense Secretary, he called a farewell press conference and said he no longer felt that the three military services could be usefully united. Nor did he still think that the three civilian service secretaries could better function as Assistant Defense Secretaries. And he had also abandoned the idea for a single Chief of Staff to represent all the military branches. But it wasn't a total turnaround. He still agrees with Robert McNamara on greater reliance on missiles.

"Americans haven't been as nasty to any actress as they were to me. Elizabeth Taylor can get away with murder, but my pictures were taken off the market." Still, times have changed, admits **Ingrid Bergman**, 48, in the current *Redbook*, and so has she. The celebrated storm around her "love child" by Director Roberto Rossellini has died down, and the boy, Robertino, has grown into a strikingly handsome 13-year-old. In Rome to film *The Lady's Vengeance*, she spent a lot of time

with him and her eleven-year-old twin daughters, Isabella and Ingrid. As a result of a long and angry custody fight, the children live with neither parent during the school year, instead have an apartment in Rome presided over by a governess. Even so, the thrice-married Swedish actress thinks things have worked out all right. "They're my friends as well as my children, and that's important. You get a wonderful feeling when they trust you enough to tell you their problems."

Music will be by Igor Stravinsky and script by Christopher Fry. It will be filmed in full-color Cinemascope, and the stars include Peter O'Toole, Marlon Brando, Paul Newman and Maria Callas, who won't sing but might "hum a little." Still feeling that a bit more bounce is needed for *The Bible*, Director **John Huston**, 57, has added his bibulous knight of the *Ivanhoe*, Richard Burton, to either narrate or play (but not raise) Cain. Did that mean Liz Taylor would also join the cast? Absolutely not, quoth Huston. "Perhaps there may be something for her in the sequel—when we do the part about Potiphar's wife."

Midst laurels stood: the Rev. Dr. **Eugene Carson Blake**, 57, given the John F. Kennedy Award of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, thus becoming the first head of the Presbyterian Church ever honored by a Catholic group; Fisk University President **Stephen Wright**, 53, elected a board director of the Association of American Colleges, the first Negro ever to achieve such a post; Swiss Sculptor-Painter **Alberto Giacometti**, 62, named for the \$10,000 Guggenheim International Award, the U.S.'s richest art prize; Actress **Patricia Neal**, 38, Actor **Albert Finney**, 27, and Director **Tony Richardson**, 35, presented with the 1963 New York Film Critics' top awards for their work in *Hud* (Miss Neal) and *Tom Jones* (Finney and Richardson).

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SPORT

BASEBALL

What Every Team Needs

When a man can write seven-figure checks, he can buy a lot of dreams—wallpaper by Rembrandt, perhaps, or an island in the sun, or a whole line of chorus girls. Charles O. Finley, 45, bought a baseball team. A cigar-chewing Chicago insurance man who made \$10 million at his trade, "Call Me Charlie" had dreamed of owning a big-league



HARVEY

BOB CLEGG—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



SHEEP GRAZING AT STADIUM

municipal Stadium, painting it yellow, turquoise and orange, then boasting: "I may not have the best team, but I sure have the sexiest ballpark." He installed all kinds of odd gimmicks—a "Fan-O-Gram" that spelled out messages on the scoreboard (sample: "Welcome to Paul Richards and his flock of chirping Baltimore Orioles"), a "Little Blowhard" that dusted home plate with compressed air, a mechanical rabbit named Harvey that rose out of the ground and fed baseballs to the umpire. He dressed his A's in green-and-gold uniforms ("Kelly green and Finley gold," explained one player), installed a flock of green-and-



FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE

OWNER FINLEY & HATS

"I may be outsmarted, but I'll never be outthusted."

ball club ever since he was twelve and a batboy for the Birmingham Barons. He tried to buy the Detroit Tigers and the Chicago White Sox, failed each time, finally got his chance when the Kansas City Athletics went on the block in 1960. Plunking down \$4,000,000 in cash, he confided: "I'm a baseball nut."

Little Blowhard. Nobody argued. When Finley took over, the Athletics were so deep in the American League cellar that he needed a flashlight to find them. Over 27 seasons in Philadelphia and Kansas City, the A's struggled into the first division only twice, finished dead last 13 times. "The worst team in the history of baseball," somebody once called them, and Former Owner Arnold Johnson made matters worse by turning the team into a kind of farm club for the New York Yankees—trading away such stars as Roger Maris, Cletis Boyer, Ralph Terry, Hector Lopez.

"I may be outsmarted, but I'll never be outthusted," Finley promised. "What this team needs is color." He spent \$411,000 renovating Kansas City's Mu-

gold-blanketed sheep on a grassy slope behind the rightfield fence, passed out free Stetsons, released thousands of green-and-gold balloons with free tickets attached. He even plumped for an orange colored baseball. "The batters could see it better," he insisted, adding that bats should be green.

Rival players taunted the dandified A's: "Hi-ya, beautiful." Batters quavered when Harvey burst from his hole with a shriek. The A's still finished in the ruck (ninth in 1961 and 1962, eighth in 1963), and fans stayed home in droves. Over three seasons, the Athletics averaged 694,000 fans—third-worst attendance in the league—and Owner Finley glumly totted up losses of \$1,028,000—bringing his total investment to more than \$5,000,000.

Up in Arms. That was enough to trigger Finley's temper. He fought skirmishes with sportswriters, got into a violent argument with the city council over the A's stadium lease. He complained that he was paying about \$125,000 a year for rent on Municipal Stadium

while pro football's Kansas City Chiefs were paying only \$1 plus a percentage of the concessions (total: \$15,000). Rumors kept popping up that Finley was planning to move—to Atlanta, Dallas, Oakland, San Diego, and goodness knows where else. As fast as they popped up, Finley denied them. "The Athletics are definitely staying in Kansas City," he said on Dec. 20. Seventeen days later, he signed a contract to move the Athletics to Louisville, Ky.—a city that had been unable to make a go of minor-league baseball. To make the desperate switch, Finley needed the approval of other American League owners, and he acted confident of getting it. "I am sure they will approve the move when they hear my case," he said.

Not a chance. Kansas City was in arms. Missouri Senator Stuart Symington was screaming for "justice," and there was talk of a congressional investigation that could spell doom for baseball's special exemption from federal antitrust laws. Besides, the other owners had long regarded Charlie Finley and his antics with ill-concealed dislike. In Manhattan last week, the owners twiddled their thumbs while Finley pleaded for permission to move to Louisville. Then they voted 9 to 1 (Finley was the one) to ship him back to Kansas City. If Finley wants to sign a new stadium contract by Feb. 1—and maybe lose the \$5,000,000 he still has left—that's all right with the American League. If not, well, he can always sell out. Sighs Finley, who promises to fight the decision in court: "Only a damned fool gets into baseball."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Oregon's Jean Saubert, 21: the special slalom at the women's Silver Jug ski races, in Bad Gastein, Austria. Only U.S. female skier to win a race in Europe this winter (she has now won four). Jean beat France's Marielle Goitschel by about 1 sec., and established herself as a heavy favorite to win either or both slalom events at the Olympics in Innsbruck next week.

► New Jersey's Scott Ellen Allen, 14: the men's national figure skating championship, at Cleveland, Austria. Youngest skater ever to win. Allen recovered from a near-disastrous slip in the free skating to defeat Pennsylvania's Tommy Litz, last year's champion. The women's champion: freckle-faced Peggy Fleming, 15, daughter of a pressman on the Los Angeles Times. Said Peggy's proud mother: "It wasn't a surprise to us. It was a complete shock."

► The East: a 111-107 victory over the West in the National Basketball Association's annual All-Star game, at the Boston Garden. The game's Most Valuable Player: Guard Oscar Robertson of the East's Cincinnati Royals (TIME cover, Feb. 17, 1961), who scored 26 points, made eight assists and snared 14 rebounds.

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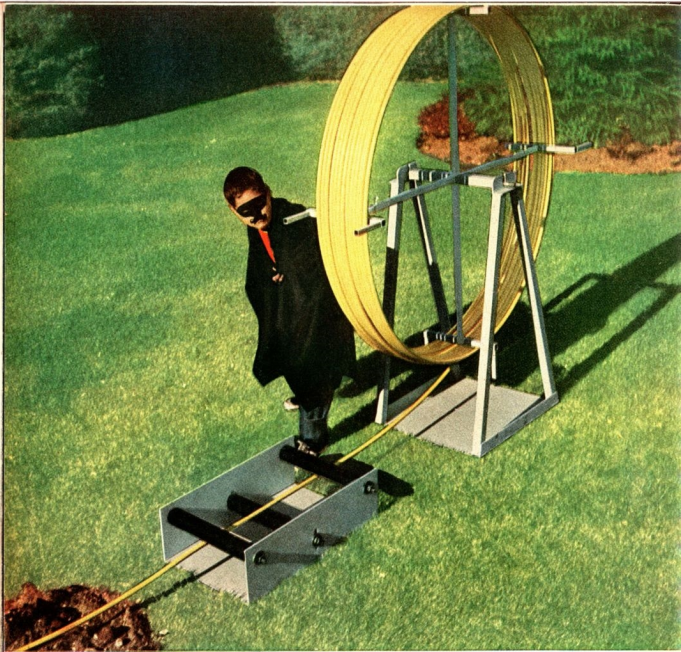
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MEDICINE

SMOKING

Is Polonium the Villain?

One of the biggest mysteries in the relationship between cigarette smoking and the increase in lung cancer has always been: How does smoking actually cause the cancer? Last week two Harvard researchers suggested a possible explanation: radioactivity.

At the Harvard School of Public Health, Dr. Edward P. Radford Jr. and Dr. Vilma R. Hunt worked with polonium,* one of the rarest of the naturally occurring elements and until recently one of the hardest to detect. Many radioactive elements are found in tobacco leaves, as in all vegetation; they occur naturally and have nothing to do with man-made fallout, and they have been exonerated as causes of lung cancer. Polonium is different, the Harvard researchers reported in *Science*, because it vaporizes at a mere 500° C., far below the 800° temperature of a burning cigarette tip.

Experiments with machine-smoked cigarettes showed that polonium attaches itself to smoke particles and may also pass into the lungs with the inhaled smoke in the form of gas. The amount of polonium in tobacco, as in a tossed green salad, would be negligible if, like the salad, it passed quickly through the system. But the polonium-bearing smoke appears to get trapped in the tissues and crevices of the airways, say Drs. Radford and Hunt. Because of this trapping, they suggest, polonium builds up to concentrations that are high enough so that its radioactivity could begin the process that leads ultimately to lung cancer.

DIETING

The Most Drastic Way

When the former WAVE appeared at the Veterans Administration Center in Los Angeles, she weighed 315 lbs., spread thick over a 5-ft. 6-in. frame. Dr. Ernst Drenick was delighted to see her. For years he had been studying the metabolic mysteries of obesity, and had rounded up ten of California's fattest male veterans—one a balloon-shaped 550 lbs.—as volunteers. The WAVE would help them discover what difference sex might make in a grueling experiment to find out the value and effects of total starvation as a means of reducing.

No Pangs. The WAVE, like the men, was put on a regimen of nothing but water and vitamins. Like them, she was kept in the hospital and watched closely and constantly for the most minute changes in body chemistry. Like the men, she was allowed out of bed, but was permitted little physical activity.

Sex did make a difference, at least in this one case. The ex-WAVE stuck to her more-than-Spartan regime, with no solid food at all, for no less than 117 days. She lost 116 lbs. The runner-up was a legless man who had weighed in at 284 lbs. and stuck it out for 75 days, dropping 41 lbs. Leland Poe, who had started at 550 lbs., stayed with it for 60 days and lost 91 lbs.

When these results were reported last fall, many obese patients got the idea that total fasting, tough as it sounds, might be the ideal way for them to lose



PATIENT POE
After a long fast, gout.

a lot of weight. Far from it, Dr. Drenick's team now reports in the *A.M.A. Journal*. True enough, the drastic regimen takes off weight; the eight other men in the experiment lost 18 to 63 lbs. after twelve to 52 days of fasting. And it is remarkably painless. The most astounding thing, say the doctors, is that after the first two to four days, none of the test subjects felt any hunger pangs—in sharp contrast to the gnawing hunger of people on low-calorie diets.

Not for Do-It-Yourselfers. But the method has drawbacks and dangers. The WAVE developed gout* and anemia. It was the gout, and not hunger, that made her break her fast. Poe, the 550-pounder, also developed gout, and had a dangerous drop in blood pressure when he stood up. Four other patients showed the same drop in blood pressure. Only five men came through with

* One more proof that gout is not, as was once supposed, simply the result of high living. In starvation, the kidneys do not clear enough uric acid, which accumulates in the blood, may then crystallize to cause the anguish of gout.

no serious side effects, and none of these had lost more than 41 lbs.

Total starvation is too dangerous to be lightly undertaken on a do-it-yourself basis, the *A.M.A. Journal* warns. It should never be tried, even under a doctor's care, by patients with liver disease, gout or heart-artery disease.

TOXICOLOGY

Death Can Come in Cans

In all the U.S., only twelve outbreaks of botulism (46 victims, of whom 14 died) were reported last year. Yet for the Public Health Service's symposium last week on this deadliest form of food poisoning, 300 experts turned up in Cincinnati—eloquent testimony to the severity of the problem. The trouble is, said the University of Michigan's Dr. Lloyd L. Kempe, that ever since safety standards were set in 1922, botulism research has been "shamefully neglected."

Five Brands. Even diagnosis is difficult, unless the doctor has reason to suspect botulism. "When we have a suspected case," said Dr. Charles S. Petty of the University of Maryland, "we must first get a specimen of the food, inject an extract of it into white mice, and wait up to four days for something to happen. By then, if the patient really had botulism, he may be dead."

Treatment is just as handicapped. Since five types of botulin bacteria produce different brands of poison, five kinds of antitoxin are needed. Only two are produced in the U.S., by a single company (Lederle Laboratories). "If I find a case of Type E botulism," Dr. Petty said, "I'll have to send to Denmark or Japan for the antitoxin."

One disturbing feature of the 1963 outbreaks was that four of them, causing nine deaths, were from commercially packed foods. So far as was known, most cases in recent years had come from home canning of fruits, vegetables or mushrooms, which had not been adequately boiled before the housewife sealed the jar. In an airtight, airtight container, the bacteria multiply and secrete what is reputedly the deadliest poison known. One ounce, it is estimated, could kill 200 million people.

Breath Control. Anyone who consumes a small amount of botulin-contaminated food develops double vision, photophobia, giddiness and sometimes nausea. Muscle spasm makes swallowing painful or impossible. Recovery takes weeks. A bigger dose usually causes death by knocking out the central nervous system's breathing control.

The only sure prevention, either commercially or in the home, is to kill all the bacteria before the container is sealed. This can be done most effectively by boiling under pressure, though some foods are pickled, salted or smoked. Fortunately, even after the germs have done their worst, canned foods can be made safe by boiling, because the poison produced by the bacteria is also destroyed by heat.

* Named for Poland (Polonia), native land of Co-Discoverer Marja Skłodowska Curie.

THE LAW

LAWYERS

The Factories

If Barry Goldwater, Nelson Rockefeller, George Romney or William Scranton runs for President in November and loses, a pattern is sure to be broken. None of the four is likely to become a practicing lawyer, and it is something of a tradition for defeated G.O.P. presidential nominees to join big Wall Street law firms. After losing to F.D.R. in 1940, Wendell Willkie entered the partnership now named Willkie Farr Gallagher Walton & Fitzgibbon. In 1955 Tom Dewey joined Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood, which promptly renamed itself Dewey, B., B., P. & W. Richard Nixon has joined Mudge, Stern, Baldwin & Todd, and the firm has changed its handle to Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander.

For the big law firm, a Willkie, Dewey or Nixon is a valuable catch; apart from the newcomer's legal talents, his very name can be counted on to pay off in new and profitable business. For the ex-candidate, the arrangement is just as rewarding. Six-figure incomes are common among senior partners of big law firms. At N., M., R., G. & A., Richard Nixon could take in \$200,000 a year.

Solid & Durable. The traffic moves in both directions; big-time lawyers shift readily into high posts in business and government. The late John W. Davis of Davis Polk Wardwell Sunderland & Kiendl left Wall Street in 1924 to become the Democratic candidate for President; he lost and went back to lawyering. Several Cabinet officers, Henry L. Stimson and John Foster Dulles among them, have been Wall Street lawyers. Defense Secretary McNama-

ra's newest deputy, Cyrus Vance, came from Simpson Thacher & Bartlett. The big outfits, sometimes referred to as "factories" (the term makes the lawyers wince), also supply a sizable share of the presidents, board chairmen and directors of large corporations.

"Factory" lawyers fall into two broad categories: partners, who divide up the profits, and associates, who are paid salaries. With 24 partners and 47 associates, the Nixon firm barely ranks among New York City's 20 biggest. At the top in size is Shearman & Sterling, with 158 lawyers. Outside New York, firms with as many as 50 lawyers are uncommon: there are five in Philadelphia, five in Houston, four in Chicago, four in Cleveland, two in Los Angeles, one each in Washington, Boston and San Francisco.

Although their names sometimes suffer drastic changes, the big law offices are usually solid and durable institutions. Most of today's giants are direct descendants of firms established generations ago. Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander, for example, traces back to 1869. Relationships with clients tend to be just as durable. Shearman & Sterling has represented one New York bank for the past 67 years.

Unlike The Defenders. In both style and substance, most of the law practiced in the big shops differs radically from the work of attorneys who operate alone or in small firms. A rare star performer, such as Edward Bennett Williams or Melvin Belli, may get rich with an essentially one-man show, but the average income of U.S. lawyers working on their own comes to about \$8,000 a year. In big firms, the starting salary for an associate fresh from law school is about \$8,000, and the average income of partners and associates is about four times that amount.

Factory lawyers have little to do with the kind of TV law seen on *Perry Mason* and *The Defenders*. They rarely

touch criminal cases, personal-injury suits or domestic relations. Most of their work is done outside the courtroom, and some senior partners have never argued a case before a judge and jury—a testament to Elihu Root's dictum that "a lawyer's business is to keep his clients out of litigation."

It was not many years ago that some of the lordlier firms had outside lawyers do their litigating for them, just as a dentist may send a patient to a dental surgeon to have a tooth pulled. But times have changed. Now many of the big firms can brag that along with all their other services they offer clients the skills of specialists in the belligerent arts of litigation. Since the troops first turned out to defend the electrical-equipment companies against price-fixing charges in 1960, the roster of counsel in this continuing flood of litigation has read like a roll call of the legal elite.

Green Goods. For the most part, though, the big firms still earn their big money drawing up contracts. Factory-fashioned transactions often involve many millions of dollars—large transfers of property, huge bank loans, corporate mergers. Shepherding new stock issues is an especially profitable type of business, affectionately referred to among Wall Street lawyers as handling "green goods."

Almost all such work reflects the complexity of modern society—the problems of big business, of big unions, of big government, with its high taxes and its maze of regulations. Lawyers must make sure not only that a contract is foolproof and foulproof, but also that the deal in question clears with the federal regulatory agencies, the Justice Department and the Treasury.

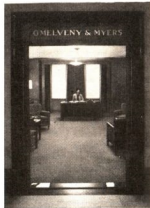
White Shoes. A spot in a big, busy law firm is a prize starting place for an ambitious law-school graduate, and only the highly promising get tapped. Back in 1911, having graduated from Princeton, studied at the Sorbonne for

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CHICAGO



LOS ANGELES

NIXON'S



The doors are open wider now.

a year and acquired a law degree from George Washington University. John Foster Dulles applied at several Wall Street law firms and failed to get a job. "Law degrees from Harvard or Columbia," Dulles later recalled, "were the requirement for admission to the eminent law firms of New York." It took family influence to win Dulles a starting berth at Sullivan & Cromwell. Once in, he rose to be the top partner, but he never did get his name in the title. Sullivan & Cromwell it remained, and remains today, although Sullivan died in 1887 and Cromwell in 1948, leaving an \$18 million estate.

The doors are open wider now. With the expansion of the U.S. economy and the U.S. Government, the demand for bright young lawyers has grown faster than the supply. The big firms' lists of acceptable law schools are swelled from two or three to ten or more; students near the top of the class rarely have to hunt down jobs—they are recruited even before graduation.

Next to good grades, the factories list "energy" and "personality" as the main criteria for judging prospects. Some "white-shoe outfits" (so called because white bucks were once standard footgear on Ivy League campuses) still cherish a preference for an upper-class family background. It also helps to be free of conspicuous eccentricities: a facial tic, a squeaky voice or a gaudy necktie can bar a bright applicant, and even too much library pallor may arouse suspicion. In response to a Harvard Law School questionnaire on what it was looking for in graduates, a New York firm curtly replied, "Byron White." The name alone conjured up the improbable combination of football hero, Rhodes scholar and Supreme Court Justice.

Darkness at 2. Once he gets in, the graduate is often assigned to several different departments over a period of two years or so before settling into a specialty. Statistically, a new associate has about one chance in seven of eventually reaching a partnership. The climb takes about ten years in New York, but in California an able newcomer can hope to become a partner in five years, or even less.

It is seldom easy. Getting ahead in a big law firm means a hefty amount of evening and weekend work. "There is somebody here every night of the year except Christmas," says a Shearman & Sterling partner. Once he gets to be a partner, a factory lawyer finds that he works just as hard at the top as he did on the climb. Wall Street lawyers still like to recall an anecdote about the late Hoyt A. Moore, a partner in Cravath, Swaine & Moore. A colleague once told Moore that the firm ought to hire more associates because the staff was overworked. "That's silly," Partner Moore replied. "No one is under pressure. There wasn't a light on when I left at 2 o'clock this morning."



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MISSIONS

Keeping Up With...

"I want to go full steam ahead until the old boiler bursts," says the Rev. E. Stanley Jones, whose fame overseas as an American evangelist is matched only by Billy Graham. Jones was formally retired by the Methodist Board of Missions in 1954, after 47 years of work



E. STANLEY JONES

Aided by grace, grass and gumption.

—but retirement meant only that he was freed from all church assignments to set his own unflagging pace. In 1963, for example, he spent six months hopping from one missionary outpost to another in Asia and Latin America, filled 736 preaching engagements, spent his vacation writing his 24th book, a spiritual autobiography. Last week, after eating his way through a nation-crossing round of dinners in honor of his 80th birthday, Jones flew off to the Far East to start another round of preaching. "Eighty is a wonderful time to begin," he says.

"I can do as much now as I could 40 years ago," says Jones, and it does not seem to be an idle boast. He can still do 30 fast push-ups without breathing hard, credits his energy to eight hours of good sleep a night plus "grace, grass" and gumption. The most important of these, unquestionably, is grace. Jones believes that "the chief business of the Christian is reconciliation." He has spent a lifetime trying to reconcile East and West, white man and black, the world and Jesus Christ.

Between Two Worlds. Maryland-born Methodist Jones went to India as a missionary in 1907. He began preaching among low-caste Indians, but eventually decided that it was more important to evangelize among the high-caste Hindus, who made up the intellectual

and spiritual leadership of the country. Out of this new mission to the top people grew Jones' rewarding friendship with Poet Rabindranath Tagore and Mohandas Gandhi.

Jones firmly believes that Christians, if they hoped to conquer the world for Jesus, would have to meet Eastern cultures on their own terms. He not only learned Hindi and Urdu, as did most other missionaries, but dressed in Indian clothes, openly sided with the independence movement. Today Jones finds that the spiritual gap between East and West has narrowed mightily. "We used to say that the mission field was on the map, but now I know it is in the heart," he says.

"For the Japanese, the bottom dropped out after the war, and their philosophy of life collapsed. Inwardly they had lost their way. In India and elsewhere, there has been an outer revival of old faiths but an inner decay of the foundations on which those faiths are based. In Africa, the old faith is going out from under them and modern secularism is taking its place. In South America, they've got everything to sustain democracy except a moral and spiritual foundation. And that's the disease of modern man."

"My Faith Holds Me." The presence of the disease everywhere makes a man susceptible to the cure, Jones believes. "I would say that Christianity is growing among the thoughtful. We're now in the process of trying to learn how to live. There is more neurosis and more unhappiness with outer prosperity than ever before. So far we have found out the thousands of ways not to do things. Now we've tried everything else and only Christianity is left, a Christianity that is universal and dynamic."

Jones's own life confirms his beliefs. "I don't hold my faith," he says; "my faith holds me. It's Christ or nothing, and you can't live on nothing. I've been a very ordinary man doing extraordinary things because I was linked up with grace."

EVANGELISM

Throwing Out the Life Line

Every time Sydney-born Methodist Evangelist Alan Walker, 52, delivered a sermon on radio or TV, his phone rang half the night with pleas for personal help. The experience told Walker that Australia's largest city (pop. 2,223,000) has a crying need—and a means at hand to solve it. And so he organized the Life Line Movement, which last March opened a \$140,000 center in Sydney, where 250 Protestant laymen work 24 hours a day answering the telephone calls that come in to 310971.

Dialing the Life Line Centre brings aid of almost any kind. Switchboard operators can dispatch "trouble teams" in radio cars to answer the desperate

pleas of alcoholics, unwed mothers and potential suicides. If a plea requires specialized help, Life Line can call upon a battery of professional men ranging from lawyers to psychologists to podiatrists. For cases that need follow-through, the organization can use the 14 homes, hospitals and hostels of Sydney's Central Methodist Mission, which Walker also heads. It even conducts group therapy for many of the disturbed people who come its way, although Walker and Life Line's volunteers believe that "the greatest therapy of all" is worship.

Walker believes that the ubiquitous, impersonal telephone is an ideal way to "put a mantle of Christianity" over the lonely crowd of the modern city. "Half of Sydney's population has lost all contact with the church," he says. "The problems emerging from the city cover the whole gamut of human need, from plain loneliness to suicidal despair." Since the Centre opened, the switchboard has taken more than 15,000 calls—including 90 from people who were threatening suicide. "We haven't lost one of them," says the Centre's director, Peter Stokes.

Most of its energies go to resolve less ultimate tragedies. Last week, for example, one trouble team was dispatched to help a nearly blind pensioner who had called to say he had lost faith in life; the team cleaned up his dingy room, bought him food, and above all found him the companionship he needed. Life Line is so vital an addition to Sydney that it is listed on the telephone directory's page of emergency numbers, along with the police and fire departments. And Christians in Brisbane and Adelaide have been inspired to organize similar groups, using Life Line's motto: "Help is as close as the telephone."



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SHOW BUSINESS

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Going Hollywood is not as simple as going native. To be Mistah Kurtz or a Paul Gauguin, one has to learn little ritual incantations; to survive in Hollywood one must take survival training. Even chameleons die there of eczema, looking in their last hours like iguanas by Jackson Pollock. Yet people can live there, if they know how. A 1964 survival textbook for men and women:

Begin with a sauna bath. Even Charlton Heston likes saunas. Install a bidet in your bathroom. Love *Tom Jones*. Adore Barbra Streisand. Get a dress shirt with hundreds of layers of overlapping eyelet ruffles. When you are hostess, wear evening skirts. Serve baked

In restaurants, avoid the one with good food. Perino's, worth a Michelin star, is for tourists. La Scala, which serves mediocre Italian food, and Chasen's, where steak is cooked under white-hot rock salt, used to be No. 1 and No. 2. Now everyone is crowding into The Bistro—perhaps because nearly everyone is a stockholder: Laurence Harvey, Tony Curtis, George Axelrod, Otto Preminger, Robert Stack, Jack Lemmon, Jack Benny, Dean Martin, Merle Oberon, Sam Spiegel.

But Dominick's in West Hollywood is it—not because of the atmosphere, which is early roadhouse, or the cuisine, which could have been learned in a vending machine, but because Dominick is an irascible bouncer who only lets in people he likes. Everybody wants



THE BILLY WILDERS & JACK LEMMONS AT THE BISTRO
Where it's out to say it's in.

marrow bones. Appear in your own hair. Because wigs have had it. So has LSD. Don't wear mink anywhere but to bed (sable is safe enough elsewhere), and don't ever mention *Cleopatra*.

A helicopter is essential. It's all right to rent one (CH 5-8641, \$125 an hour), but it is vital that you refer to it as a chopper. Go to the ball games in Chavez Ravine, but leave before the seventh inning. Get a pool table, and don't give a party unless you have a mahogany keg on the patio with draft Michelob. Get a Yorkshire terrier. Learn to think. Stay out of toreador pants and stretch pants; wear Jax slacks.

The Full Ashtray. Ferraris are too popular; a Jaguar sedan is still O.K., but avoid Lincoln Continentals—press-agents drive them. Get an Aston-Martin. Renting a car is acceptable. Warren Beatty gets a new one whenever the ashtrays are full.

Sheer necessity once demanded that you own three houses, one in Malibu, one in Palm Springs and one in Beverly Hills. But now you can reverse field and have no house at all. This saves money and is considered bright. Billy Wilder has a simple \$100,000 co-op apartment with a low monthly maintenance of \$1,000.

to be liked by Dominick, but he stands in his doorway before a cavern of empty tables and announces that he is booked solid. He lets Jack Lemmon in, and Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., and Jim Aubrey, president of CBS-TV.

The Power Centers. Restaurants as a whole are actually out and private dinner parties are in, but try to remember not to put it that way because it is out to say that something is in. Yet nothing is in—er than a dinner on the Bel Air circuit. Careers are made or snuffed there—at Saturday-night after-dinner screenings in the Bel Air homes of new power centers like Producers Harold Mirisch and Ray Stark, or old Hollywood trueblonds like Bill Goetz, son-in-law of Louis B. Mayer.

At Mirisch's, a Matisse swings out from the wall, a screen drops from the ceiling, and people like the Fred Zinnemanns, the William Wylers, the Billy Wilders, and William Holden settle back to judge a new picture or star whose fate may be sealed with a wisecrack.

If asked by the Mirisches, accept instantly. Parties elsewhere may be more chic or at least more interesting than chow and a movie, but you won't enjoy them until you've made it with the circuit.

Are you always in silent disagreement ?

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- get your thinking across

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EDUCATION

TEACHING

Island of Change

Most U.S. school systems are so busy corseting the population bulge that much of the reform in U.S. pedagogy is passing them by. Among the happiest exceptions is Newton, Mass., a Boston suburb with a population of 95,600 (up 13,600 since 1950) and a tradition of academic excellence that goes back to 1848, when Horace Mann moved the nation's first normal school there. Newton is probably the most creative school system in the U.S. today—an "island of change," as educators call it, that is rivaled only by the much smaller Winnetka, Ill. (pop. 13,400). "Newton nev-

its schools so well that it has never had a single day of double sessions, prouder that as a pioneer in spotting potential failures it has cut its dropout rate almost to zero. This concern wins rewards: since 1962, Newton has received more than \$500,000 in foundation grants for refining new ways of teaching everything from nursing to geography to business history. When the Harvard Graduate School of Education tries out a new idea, from team teaching to teacher training, Newton is the school system it turns to first.

Newton pays its school superintendent \$22,000 a year, compared with the mayor's \$15,000, and in Harvard-honed Charles E. Brown, 39, it has one of U.S.



NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS: THE HIGH SCHOOL COMPLEX
Never afraid of a new idea.

er seems to be afraid of a new idea," says Harvard Education Professor Herold Hunt. "There ought to be a lot more Newtons all over the United States."

Give or take a characteristic, Newton resembles many another well-to-do suburb. It has a small factory district, an average family income of \$14,946, a population roughly divided among Jews, Catholics and Protestants, with about 100 Negro families. Newton's schoolchildren are usually two years ahead of national norms in reading; around 60% go on to four-year colleges. With enrollment (18,000) up 60% since 1950, the town has spent \$19 million to expand a school plant that now includes one junior college, two high schools, five junior highs and 25 grade schools. Annual spending per pupil is a relatively modest \$504.30.

Stop Dropouts. What makes Newton different is its refusal to mistake physical growth for educational progress. The town is proud that it planned

education's genuine whiz kids—a reformer who believes that schools themselves must launch curriculum ideas rather than wait for university brainstormers. Newton is no passive receiver of new courses through the mail. It creates its own, the work of teachers who plunge into ceaseless meetings and study groups as soon as the kids go home in the afternoon.

Stand Back. "You don't work in Newton unless you're a glutton for punishment," says one former teacher, who wishes he had never left. To find such gluttons (top pay: \$11,600), Superintendent Brown raids not only schools across the U.S. but also universities. He takes only the best: "The people who hire teachers have to have the courage to turn down those who are not fit." As a result, Newton is brimful of truly concerned teachers. "My most important task," says Brown, "is to find good people, make sure they know their responsibilities, and then get out of their way."

At Hamilton elementary school, for example, Principal Ruth Chadwick and her teachers got fed up a few years ago with the convention of passing or failing small children by grades. "Children's learning is so erratic in the first three years that we shouldn't make a student stay back if he can't read well but does other things well," she says. With Brown's support, Hamilton designed its own version of nongraded classes in the first three primary years. Able tots now start primary work after as little as one term of kindergarten.

For math and reading, Hamilton puts specialist teachers to work on small groups of four and five, using everything from Cuisenaire rods to "independent" study periods. To untutored eyes, the result is confusion—kids moving from group to group without a single neatly defined class. In fact, the system allows a child to race ahead in reading if he can, while crawling in math if he has to, with no stigma attached to his uneven pace. It may baffle parents, but Principal Chadwick says, "You can't measure what this does for teacher enthusiasm."

Contract Students. The same goes for "continuous learning" at Meadowbrook Junior High School, where in 1961 teachers rebelled against the "lockstep" track system then dividing pupils into homogeneous groups. Determined to "reach the individual," Meadowbrook's teachers partly copied the Newton high schools' "house plan," which divides those big schools into heterogeneous groups of 400 to 500 pupils, each with its own housemaster, faculty, office staff and intramural teams—in effect, creating small schools with "a sense of belonging."

Meadowbrook puts a "house adviser" over every dozen or so students. Students get no letter grades, can partly determine their hours in school, but are each closely guided by the house adviser and five subject advisers. As each term begins, the student signs a "contract" agreeing to "complete the task outlined on the progress form to as high a degree of mastery as I am capable of attaining." Deemed a rousing success so far, the plan has particularly inspired students whose ability is notably high or low, and has led to a revision of the whole curriculum with emphasis on college-style independent study.

Adolescent Anthropologists. Newton's claim to the nation's first complete overhaul of high school social studies is in the hands of Wayne Altree, the imaginative Harvard-trained head of the department at Newton High and a collaborator with "university types" across the country. Drawing on scholars from Harvard, M.I.T. and Amherst, Altree has begun a yeasty approach to Western history built around the concepts of "tradition, continuity, innovation and revolution."

One purpose is to get students thinking anthropologically, to discover the dynamics of human culture, or patterns

of adaptation, throughout the world. The three-year course begins, for example, with the problem of how a boy becomes a man—moving from the fiction of such writers as James Baldwin and Arthur Miller to a study of Eskimos and Winnebago Indians. It proceeds to urban cultures in the ancient Near East, to the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, to the life of St. Paul, and thence to Luther, seen partly as a son in conflict with his father. Using art to probe the Age of Discovery's new vision of society, the second year starts with perspectivist painting, moves up to the American Revolution. Newton's seniors will focus on the modern U.S. from the viewpoint "what happens when simple tradition falls over the stress of sudden innovation."

Such is the cutting edge of U.S. school reform—the work of teachers who care and are free to care. "We must show teachers that we value their intellectual growth," says Superintendent Brown. "This country has to support the kind of programs necessary to produce first-rate teachers." That Newton has done, setting a pace for schools everywhere—if only they care to follow.

COLLEGES

"A Touch of Greatness"

Most high school seniors suppose that getting into Harvard requires a score of 700 or above (top: 800) on college-board tests. Not necessarily, say Admissions Men Fred L. Glimp and Dean K. Whittle in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*. Harvard more and more seeks men who may score below 500 but have something else: "a touch of greatness." High school teachers and principals are asked to weigh this quality on a high-to-low scale of 1 to 6. Glimp and Whittle wisely avoid defining it, but envision some combination of "effectiveness, energy, judgment, integrity, generosity of spirit or cussedness."

The "good news," they report, is that "the purely personal strengths we think we are measuring have academic currency." In the classes of 1962 and 1963, *magnas* or *summas* went to 28% of those who entered with board scores of 700 to 800—and to 30% of those with a top personal rating.

Double Degree at Yale

Some high school seniors now enter college ready for sophomore work; many collegians do graduate work long before they graduate. Last week Yale voted to speed the trend even more. By squeezing five years of work into four, some Yalermen will now be allowed to graduate with bachelors' and masters' degrees at the same time. Hoped-for eventual result: younger, sharper Ph.D.s.

Critics fear that such early specialization may kill off liberal arts colleges, and Yale concedes that humanities students may need more time to mature. It will try the idea first with math, a

field especially suited to precocity. Only a handful of Yale's 4,000 undergraduates will be eligible, but they will be the pioneers in what within decades may well become standard procedure throughout the land.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

State of Learning

While Newton, Mass., is demonstrating that creative teaching can improve a city's school system, North Carolina is showing how education can be used to lift a whole state's economy. Ranking 42nd among the states in per capita income, North Carolina aims to improve its schools by means of a belt-tightening 3% sales tax on food, pushed through the biennial general assembly three years ago by Governor Terry Sanford. The tax enabled the assembly

help and in effect committed the assembly to further school aid.

To stimulate gifted children, Sanford last summer set up a Governor's School in Winston-Salem, where in eight weeks 400 of the state's most brilliant and creative children did the equivalent of a year's work in one subject. (TIME, June 28). Impressed, the Carnegie Corporation gave \$225,000 to the school; state businessmen matched that sum, and the program will run for at least two more years. Private foundations also financed a Shakespeare repertory company that tours schools and a planned school of performing arts, and the assembly has already provided state money to carry them on.

In one of its largest grants ever, Carnegie last month gave \$500,000 for Sanford's planned Advancement School in Winston-Salem—a pioneering state center for studying promising "under-achievers" in order to develop better teaching methods. Each year the center will bring in 1,400 grade-schoolers and 200 of their teachers. While the kids live and learn there, the center will treat them to such new approaches as programmed learning, at the same time training their teachers to go home and spread the new methods.

Against Illiteracy. In its first such statewide effort, the Ford Foundation earmarked \$7,000,000 to back Sanford's new North Carolina Fund—a consortium of private and public agencies that aims to cut school dropouts by improving three-R teaching. Sanford also plans a state training school to give adult illiterates six months of concentrated schooling. "I think we ought to deny the driver's license to anybody under 20 who is illiterate," says Sanford. "If we had such a catch-up school, it would be perfectly fair to do it."

North Carolina's special schools, new and planned, are biracial, and on the score of desegregation the state's big cities and its university have led the South. But rural areas are so segregated that even now only one-half of 1% of Negro pupils go to school with whites. Sanford is not proud of that fact, but apparently feels that it was hard enough to get his new tax through the assembly without also trying to push desegregation by faster means than the present case-by-case court tests.

Sanford's campaign as "education Governor" has meant a 50% jump in the school budget, to a four-year total of \$1.14 billion. The state has risen from 46th place to 42nd in spending per pupil. The 1963 assembly not only added to the previous budget for public schools, but also voted for three new four-year colleges and a statewide system of two-year community colleges. Industrial investments of almost \$600 million came in during Sanford's first two years, and he credits the lure of better schools. Says the Ford Foundation's admiring President Henry T. Heald: "North Carolina leadership may well set a pace for other states."



NORTH CAROLINA'S SANFORD
Determined to up the quality.

to add \$100 million to school funds over two years, proved so beneficial that the 1963 assembly added \$69 million more, bringing annual state school spending to \$268 million.

Democrat Sanford's campaign, when he ran for Governor 34 years ago, was watched keenly by educators everywhere: in making "quality education" his most emphasized plank, he insisted that education should come first in voters' minds. It did, no doubt in part because North Carolina schooling was embarrassingly bad, particularly for Negroes, who comprise 25% of the population. The dropout rate was 50%, and 16% of adults are only semilliterate.

Artful Outgo. "Terry's tax" went first of all for meat and potatoes. Granting the nation's biggest teachers' raise in 1961, North Carolina moved from 39th state to 32nd in average teachers' pay. Teachers flocked in from other states. New schools have gone up at an accelerated clip. Then Sanford launched artificial pilot projects that drew foundation

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Being Nonchalant About Smoking

In many Florida papers the story outranked and outspaced the riots in Panama. The Los Angeles Times gave it 44 running ft. of coverage in a single issue. John Connors, the Miami Herald's two-pack-a-day science writer, handed himself a cruel and inhuman assignment: stop smoking. The Detroit Free Press set Reporter Barbara Stanton behind a hotel tobacco counter to see if local smokers were still buying. They were. The Houston Press offered \$200 for the best letter on "Why I Quit Smoking" and \$25 for the best letter on "Why I Won't Quit." In San Francisco, the Chronicle published a tongue-in-cheek survey reporting that seven out of ten smokers had given up reading the Surgeon General's report.

The U.S. Public Health Service's latest word on cigarette smoking was unquestionably the big conversational topic of the week. Banner headlines reflected the gravity of the conclusions: SMOKING

CALLED GRAVE HAZARD (Fort Lauderdale News), CIGARETTES CAUSE CANCER (Chicago's American), IT'S OFFICIAL—CIGARETTE SMOKING CAN KILL YOU (New York Herald Tribune). News stories spelled out every detail, and the editorial cartoonists were both anxious and melodramatic (*see cuts*). But in some of the collateral stories spawned by the report, the papers seemed as willing as the U.S. smokers to face up to the new dangers with an air of nonchalance.

Absolutely Not. The Washington Star interviewed Mikhail A. Lavrentyev, vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and a Capitol visitor. Although Lavrentyev does not smoke, he graciously tried to boost—or perhaps undermine?—the morale of tobacco addicts with an apocryphal Russian proverb. The heavy smoker, said Lavrentyev, will never be burglarized and will never grow old, "because he stays up all night coughing—and won't live long enough to enjoy old age."

The Tampa Tribune found a local physician with emphysema, only one serviceable lung, and an unconquerable craving for cigarettes. Between drags, the doctor advised against doing as he did: "Anyone who smokes is a damn fool." The Boston Traveler quoted a dental surgeon to the effect that smoking broils the palate, "just like a piece of meat on a grill." In Detroit, the News front-paged the decision of a mother of 14 children—"PACK-A-DAY MOM SAYS SHE'LL QUIT"—alongside a family portrait showing the mother blithely puffing away. The Chicago Daily News asked Social Arbiter Amy Vanderbilt if a gentleman should now offer a lady a safe cigar. Miss Vanderbilt's decree: "Absolutely not."

Playing with Fire. Back on the editorial pages, however, the smoking report got somewhat more sober consideration. Heavy smoking, said the New

York World-Telegram, quoting a health tract published in London in 1637, "dieth the brain, dimmeth the sight, vitieth the smell, hurtheth the stomach, corrupteth the breath, annoyeth the milt, eliquateth the pinguie substance of the kidneys and absumeth the geniture." Deep in tobacco country, the Raleigh, N.C., News and Observer noted that "the cigarette now is no more a 'coffin tack' because of scientific testimony than it was when the old folks so labeled it." And while "the surest way to a long life is to eschew wine, women and cigarettes," said the Observer, it might also help to avoid speeding, deep water and drafts, and to stop playing with fire.

"The most distressing possibility," editorialized the Detroit Free Press, "is that what happens next will be nothing." Chicago's American called for action against "those ads which imply that cigarette smoking will give irresistible charm, good grooming, rippling muscles and the ability to water-ski." In an editorial titled MUCH ADO ABOUT CIGGIES, the New York Daily News felt inclined to let either the tobacco industry or Government research solve the problem. The News quoted Dr. Charles Mayo of the Mayo Clinic ("You can't legislate against sex or alcohol—or cigarette smoking"), and pronounced his words "the wisest comment we've heard to date."

Scuttle the Ashtray. Most papers agreed that any official ban on smoking would work no better than Prohibition. "But what to do about it," said the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "is not nearly so clear." The Washington News was hopeful: "Every smoker doesn't automatically get cancer." The Chicago Tribune let Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley have the last, if mystifying word: "All of you cigarette smokers ought to start searching your consciences to see what you can do for your family."

The Lesson: Be Local

The board meeting had adjourned, and the publisher of the New York Times had a statement to make. "We are proud," said Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, "of the devoted new audience that came to us, and have tried earnestly to find a feasible way to go on serving them. Unhappily, the economics of the situation gave us no choice." So saying, Publisher Sulzberger last week suspended, after 16 months of publication, the Los Angeles-based Western Edition of the Times.

The economics of the situation certainly played a major role in defeating the Times's ambition to move westward. There were neither enough readers nor enough advertisers to keep the Western Edition going. Although preliminary surveys conducted by the Times had indicated a potential readership of 100,000 or better, the Western Edition reached that high only in the first months, thereafter declined to 85,000—scattered widely through 13

BASSETT—N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM



MOMENT OF TRUTH

Seven out of ten gave up reading.

CONRAD—DENVER POST

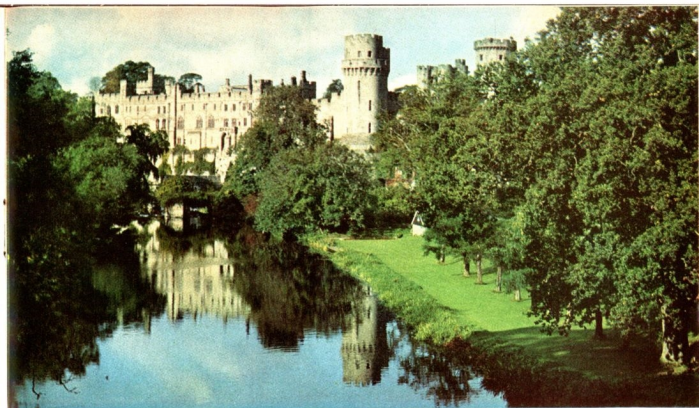


THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH

YORK—LOUISVILLE TIMES



"NOW I'M SO NERVOUS, I SMOKE NINE PACKS A DAY!"



Warwick Castle was the fortress of Warwick the King Maker (see Shakespeare's *King Henry VI, Part II*). Admission is 56 cents.

It's Shakespeare's Year in Britain

Here's how you can join in the merrymaking for less than \$14 a day

APRIL 23 is Shakespeare's birthday, and Britain is toasting it with *eight months* of festivals, fetes and pageants. These goings-on happen only once in 100 years. Try not to miss them—you won't get another chance until 2064.

To help you catch the high spots of Shakespeare's Year, take a look at our three small charts. Each shows places Shakespeare knew or wrote about, and towns where you can see his plays performed. Each chart also gives you an

idea of what you can see comfortably in 10 days. For a free *detailed* road map, write to one of the addresses below.

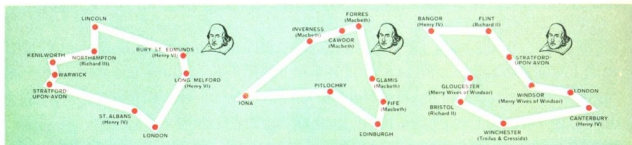
When you plan your trip, you'll notice that Britain is tiny—no bigger than Wyoming. You can go to the theatre in London, catch a night train and be in Edinburgh for breakfast.

More good news: even with all the special events, Britain's prices are remarkably low. Bed and breakfast in a village inn cost from \$3.75. Lunch costs

about two dollars. For \$3.50 you can enjoy a full-course dinner. Bus or train travel costs about 3 cents a mile. And seats at Stratford's Royal Shakespeare Theatre start at 56 cents.

Add it up. In one day, you can stay at an inn, dine, travel a hundred miles, and attend a festival—all without spending more than \$14. For dates, details and tickets, see your travel agent.

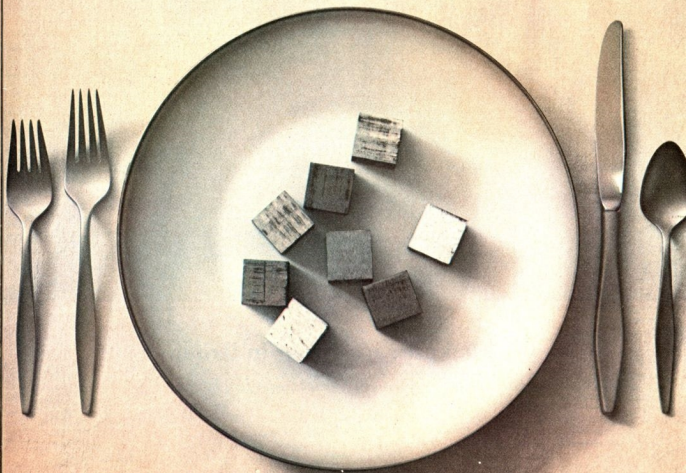
Meantime, you can be brushing up on your Shakespeare.



SUGGESTION 1. (425 miles) See Shakespeare's plays at Northampton and Lincoln. Castles at Warwick, Kenilworth.

SUGGESTION 2. (550 miles) Visit Macbeth's Scotland. See plays at Edinburgh and Pitlochry's "theatre in the hills."

SUGGESTION 3. (720 miles) See plays at Stratford and London. Cathedrals at Canterbury, Winchester and Gloucester.



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states. Advertisers seemed indisposed to spend money on so diffuse an audience. In its first year, the Western Edition carried only 2,183,902 lines of ads—fewer than the New York edition prints in an average month.

There were other financial burdens. The 1962-63 New York newspaper strike, which lasted 114 days, was an unexpected disaster that deprived the struggling Western Edition of sorely needed parental support. In the first nine months of 1963, the Times lost \$2,709,000—as compared with a profit of \$618,000 for the same period in 1962. And the elaborate communications hookup between New York and Los Angeles, which permitted the West Coast paper to be edited back East, proved extremely expensive to operate.

But what really hurt was an editorial miscalculation in New York. Out to Los Angeles headquarters went a small army of technicians and advertising circulation men—but no additional writers and reporters. The Western Edition, aimed at a Western readership, was never much more than a slenderized Eastern Times, exported from New York. It had neither the hefty attributes of the original nor the local attractions of a truly local paper. "One thing that used to make my job just a little less pleasant," said Executive Editor Scott Newhall of the San Francisco Chronicle, "was that people would ask me why we weren't more like the New York Times. Since they started this Western Edition, I haven't heard that question once."

There was a lesson in that, however costly. And the Times seemed to have learned it. Henceforth, its International Edition will not be edited from New York, but in Paris. Its editorial staff has been expanded, and it will soon be reporting more European news.

COLUMNISTS

How to Succeed as a Slut

She rewrites the marriage vows: "Dost thou, Algernon, promise to laugh at this woman's jokes, push the car until it starts and bring her sherry in the bath?" She loathes trading stamps: "If I want to buy a watch, I want to buy a watch; I don't want to buy 27,720 lbs. of self-raising flour and then get a watch free." She loves sluts, and enlists herself bravely in their cause.

In her 34 years as fashion columnist for the London Observer, Katharine Whitehorn, 35, may have permanently revised the British notion of what a slut really is. To the uninitiated, a slut may remain a woman of easy virtue. But the dictionary's first definition is "a slovenly woman; a slattern," and that's the one the Observer's Whitehorn also likes. She asks: "Have you ever taken anything out of the dirty-clothes basket because it had become, relatively, the cleaner thing? Changed stockings in a taxi? Could you try on clothes in any shop,



OBSERVER'S WHITEHORN
Ever changed stockings in a taxi?

any time, without worrying about your underclothes? How many things are in the wrong room—cups in the study, boots in the kitchen?" The right answers, says Whitehorn, make "you one of us: the miserable, optimistic, misunderstood race of sluts."

Far Afield. Defending untidiness may be a strange crusade for a fashion columnist. But Katharine Whitehorn is that kind of fashion columnist. The world of *haute couture* distresses her: "A useful little dress" means one with no distinguishing characteristics; "romantic" means "cleft to the waist." She regularly takes excursions far afield. Sometimes she drafts axioms that are applicable to the opposite sex: "No nice men are good at getting taxis." "If your wife looks like a sow's ear, try dipping into the silken purse." She excoriates local hairdressers: "I left the salon at 7:15, by 8 it was slipping, by 9 it was down, and it was not even that sort of evening."

The Observer's freewheeling columnist dabbed into journalism in a typically roundabout feminine way. The offspring of a long line of Presbyterian ministers, she proved impervious to the polish of six secondary schools and Cambridge University, toured the U.S. working as a waitress and short-order cook, then returned to England and became a journalist.

"**Feel Like a Blonde.**" Along the course she picked up a husband—British Author and Journalist Gavin Lyall—and a berth on the Observer, one of London's seven Sunday papers. The Observer has sensibly refrained from fettering its most uninhibited and uninhabitable staffer, whether she is attacking the trade ("Any journalist may be exchanged for any other journalist without penalty") or rinse jobs ("I am not sure which is worse—to look like a blonde and feel like a journalist, or look like a lady and feel like a blonde") or her own kin: "My aunt's problem was

remembering to remove a moustache she could no longer see, and trying not to wander around the house with her mouth open." As for the sluts of England—they may still feel miserable and optimistic, but they know they are no longer misunderstood.

MAGAZINES

Money for the Post

"I feel like a champ," said onetime University of Georgia Football Coach Wally Butts, after an Atlanta jury awarded him \$3,060,000. He had reason: it was one of the biggest libel judgments in U.S. legal history (TIME, Aug. 30). Last week in Atlanta, the same federal district judge who presided over Butts's suit against the *Saturday Evening Post* pared the judgment to something less than championship size. Holding that the original award was "grossly excessive," Judge Lewis R. Morgan ordered it reduced to \$460,000.

Judge Morgan's action did not affect the jury's verdict against the *Post*, which in an article last spring had accused Butts and University of Alabama Football Coach "Bear" Bryant of conspiring to fix the 1962 Georgia-Alabama game. Indeed, the judge went out of his way to commend that verdict. "The article was clearly defamatory and extremely so," he said. "The jury was warranted in concluding from the persistent and continuing attitude of the officers and agents of the defendant that there was a wanton or reckless indifference to the plaintiff's rights." But if Butts refused to accept the reduction in judgment, said Judge Morgan, the court had no choice except to grant the *Post* a new trial.

Faced with this alternative, Wally Butts decided to take the \$460,000. For obvious reasons, though, the *Post* went ahead with its plans to appeal the verdict. Waiting his turn in court next month is Alabama's Bryant—who has filed suit for \$10 million in damages arising from the same *Post* article.

CENSORSHIP

Golden Rules in Saigon

It was the first press conference held by Brigadier General Do Mau, Information Minister of South Viet Nam's new junta government. And for the edification of the assembled newsmen, Do Mau ticked off a few "Golden Rules" of good journalistic behavior. "Do not promote Communism or neutralism," said he. "Do not endanger national security or the army's morale. Do not spread false news of any kind. Do not slander individuals. Do not bolster vices." Asked one reporter: "Who's going to be your first victim?" Do Mau did not reply directly, but within a few hours all Saigon knew the answer. By order of Information Minister Do Mau, five dailies were "permanently" closed, four more suspended for a month.

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THE THEATER

Little Old New York

Hello, Dolly!, a musical adaptation of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*, has eye appeal, ear appeal, love appeal and laugh appeal, but its most insinuating charm is its nostalgic appeal. When Dolly Levi (Carol Channing), widow and matchmaker, fondles a cash register after announcing that she plans to marry its owner, she carries the mind back to a time when women needed and cherished men for their money, and in a day when wives sometimes earn as much or more than their husbands,

WALTER BENNETT



BURNS & CHANNING IN "DOLLY"

All kinds of appeal.

that image is strangely endearing. The curmudgeonly businessman who loathed culture, spurned pleasure and lived to grind his employees under heel turns up in *Dolly* as Horace Vandergelder (David Burns), the matchmaker's mate-to-be, and announces with refreshing pride that he is "rich, friendless, and mean, which in Yonkers is about as far as you can go."

The clown in Carol Channing sometimes upstages the actress, but this show thrives on her kind of show-off. David Burns may be the only man alive who can bark through his nose. Gower Champion keeps the choreography winging. His agile, toe-perfect dance company spends so much time off the ground that it should get flight pay.

Hello, Dolly! does occasionally get bogged in a plot hole, and the score fills a function more often than it casts a spell. But with Oliver Smith's evocative lithograph-like settings and Freddy Wittop's costumes, which gleam like spring tulips against the backdrop of brownstones, there is no handsomer way to visit Little Old New York.

1964 WARNING from The Wall Street Journal

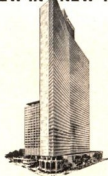
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WORLD TRADE CENTER
Above turret, lantern and steeple.

Onward & Upward

After playing home town to a long and ever ascending line of "tallest buildings in the world," Manhattan learned this week that there are not one but two still taller structures in its future. Soon to rise is a twin-towered World Trade Center, each pinnacle 110 stories high, that will make the city's familiar pointy downtown skyline look like a toy village.

Architect of the \$350 million center is diminutive Minoru Yamasaki (*TIME* cover, Jan. 18, 1963), whose concrete Yama-Gothic traceries adorned the U.S. Science Pavilion at the Seattle World's Fair. Chosen by the sponsoring Port of New York Authority over a dozen of the nation's leading architects, Yama said: "The commission represented a once-in-a-lifetime, no, a once-in-two-lifetimes situation. To me the basic problem beyond solving the functional relationships of space is to find a beautiful solution of form and silhouette which fits well into lower Manhattan."

Banks, Base. The World Trade Center will scrape the sky 1,353 ft. above an area where nearly every other building is topped with turret, lantern and steeple. The question is not whether it should be modern (it has to be) but whether it is the kind of modern that lives with its surroundings. Yamasaki has avoided the acres-of-glass look, has instead invested the two towers with traceries of stainless steel arches in his familiar style, around the base and again just below the gently beveled roof

line. Some people may yet feel that it is too stark, and far too big.

To make nearly 75% of the floor space available for occupancy (in most tower buildings 52% is considered standard), he has divided the towers into three zones, separated at the 41st and 74th floors by "sky lobbies." A visitor who wants, for example, to go to the 90th floor takes an express elevator at a speed of more than 1,700 ft. per minute to the 74th floor sky lobby and transfers to a local that originates there. Each zone has banks of local elevators terminating at different levels; in this way the floor space directly above the truncated shafts in each zone is usable.

The Trade Center will have a gross floor area nearly triple that of the Pentagon; the five-storied base for the towers and a roomy plaza cover a 16-acre site that will require the abandonment of several existing streets. Yamasaki has switched from concrete, his favorite medium, to steel because of the sheer height of the towers, and instead of having the weight of the structure carried by the frame and the elevator core, the great steel columns of the exterior walls will support it. The stainless-steel outer ribs are only 22 inches apart, with glass between, giving the effect of a glistening steel skin unbroken by horizontal window lines; from within, the tenants will look down on the rest of town through glazed bowman's slots.

Babylon, Beaux-Arts. Yamasaki will be faced with a problem that many notable architects come up against nowadays: working "in association with" another firm of building planners on the job. As in the case of the Gropius-Bellusch Pan Am Building in Manhattan, the "associates" will be the firm of Emery Roth & Sons, whose glassy budget ziggurats have transformed much of the city into a white-collar Babylon. Whether Yama can maintain his usual no-detail-is-too-small control over the

ART

project's construction is a question that bothers many of his fellow architects. Says one: "I don't think he can. It's a tragic mistake."

Even if Yama triumphs, there are other sure losers in the picture. The 33-year-old Empire State Building will no longer be able to call itself (with 102 floors, 1,248 ft.) the tallest building in the world. It will join such other has-beens as the Singer, the Woolworth and the Chrysler buildings. And one of Manhattan's beaux-arts monuments, the splendid old U.S. Customs House, designed in 1901 by Cass Gilbert, will lose its identity—and possibly its existence—as all customs operations are shifted to the World Trade Center. Progress in New York moves onward and 1,353 ft. upward.

Add Water, Mix & Pour

People who live in concrete houses can throw stones. They can also laugh at fires, earthquakes and termites. And now they can take an art collector's pleasure in looking at the place they live in as though it were an outsized sculpture (see color pages).

Curves & Squares. For Manhattan Physician Howard Taylor, Architect John M. Johansen has built a many-chambered nautilus. Johansen, who trained under Walter Gropius, has veered away from the Master's Bauhaus cubism into a vocabulary of curves and coils, pleasing both to look at and to live in. The Taylor house is cast in forms of rough-sawn random-width oak slabs, which give concrete a rich, grainy texture. Says Johansen: "I think of a house as a series of shells which contain human organisms; the outside of the shell is an epidermis, and it can be as rough as the sea-worn shells one finds on the beach. The inner surface, against which

° Though its TV mast will still top the Trade Center by 116½ ft.



HIGH STYLE IN CONCRETE



ROBERT SAMORA

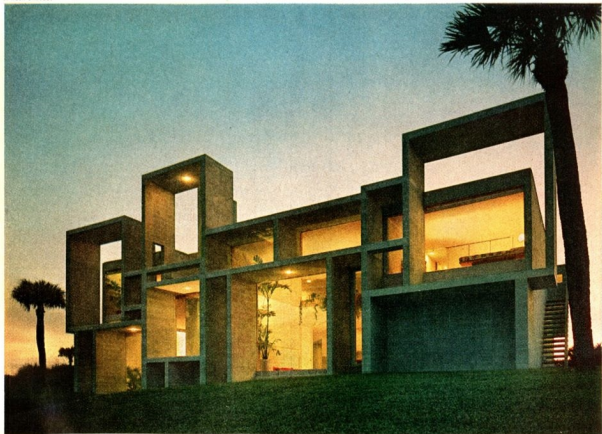
SHELLS BY THE SEASHORE

Curved walls separate living functions in house, overlooking Long Island Sound, designed by John M. Johansen. He sees it as group of shells, rough outside, smooth within.

© ALICE LAMLEY

BOXES ON THE BEACH

Sculpturesque composition of rectangles made of concrete blocks is perched atop isolated dune near Jacksonville. House was designed with seven levels by Paul Rudolph.





ROBERT DAWRA

A CAVE WITHIN A VIEW WITHOUT

Johansen-designed house looks out from living area through glass wall (rear) toward beach; the core of house focuses on snug security of hearth and fire.

PITS FOR CHATTER PLATFORMS FOR LIVING

Rudolph uses levels instead of walls to separate living areas, with conversation pit (center), raised dining space (left) under balcony, which links bedrooms.

J. ALICE LANGLEY



the organism moves, rubs its shoulders, should be comfortable to the touch."

Where the Taylor house is curvy, the Arthur W. Milam house in northern Florida is all right angles. Architect Paul Rudolph, another Gropius alumnus, designed a series of concrete block rectangles that turn the house's seaside exposure into a mammoth Mondrian. It is a straight place, but not all for show; the open-end geometry that ornaments the façade functions as a sunbreak and keeps the interior cool without cumbersome draperies. The house is built on seven levels that form a series of "living platforms," the lowest being a utility room, while the uppermost is a roof-top lookout—a modern version of the widow's walk. Rudolph, chairman of the department of architecture of Yale and designer of its new all-concrete, Art and Architecture Building, had originally specified poured concrete for the Milam family, but smooth-cast sand-colored concrete blocks for walls turned out to cost only half as much: \$88,000. While not big, the house tricks the eye into an impression of size because its wall-less interiors give unobstructed vistas.

Penthouses & Fishbowls. Inside the Johansen house, the concave surfaces of the walls are finished in plaster, silk or Italian glass tile. The shell walls surround a living room with a fireplace in its own enclosed area, a dining room large enough for twelve, a skylighted kitchen, a master bedroom with two baths, a sitting room, and a penthouse study for the doctor. From here, he can wigwag through the skylight into the kitchen when he is ready for lunch. There is also a separate guest house that can accommodate six when the occasion arises.

The ceilings in both houses vary from 9 ft. to 30 ft. high, the walls are 8 in. thick, and there are plenty of windows; air conditioning has so far been unnecessary. The Taylors built it mainly for weekends, now find themselves staying there year-round. "It's a terribly exciting house to live in," says Mrs. Taylor.

In place of rooms, the interior of the Rudolph house is divided into areas with built-in furniture and greenery-laden overlooks. Medieval brass rubbings, a 16th century refectory table, and plenty of books lend visual warmth to the house. A conversation pit in a two-storied living area gives a feeling of airport-lobby spaciousness; just over a concrete-block wall is a lower-ceilinged area whose built-in sofas and cheery fireplace make it a more popular snuggery. Rudolph, who likes to punctuate his interiors with oulbiettes and galleries, has provided the Milams with a handy vantage point for supervising activity in the children's living room on the lower level. A little balcony juts out at the end of a short passageway alongside the fireplace, saving steps and making family togetherness a practical matter. Says the architect: "You can go from nest to fishbowl to cave in a few steps. The house has endless variety."



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SCIENCE

GEOPHYSICS

What Caused the Cold?

Scientists have learned much about the great glaciers of the Pleistocene epoch—the slow ice masses that spread several times across much of the globe, killing off thousands of animal species and stimulating the evolution of man. But what caused the periodic cold? There is no evidence that the sun has any cyclic activity that might have brought it on, nor can it be blamed on any other astronomical effect.

Explanatory theories have never been wholly convincing, but scientists keep trying. Now, in the magazine *Nature*, Dr. Alexander T. Wilson of New Zealand's Victoria University of Wellington offers an intriguing solution. His reasoning points to Antarctica.

Floating Shelf. Unlike the northern polar region, which is ocean covered with ice, the area around the South Pole is a large land mass above which a thick icecap can form. During relatively nonglaciated periods such as the present, Dr. Wilson calculates, ice builds up on Antarctica, and the southern icecap reaches higher and higher. The top of the ice remains very cold, but the bottom is warmed slightly by heat escaping from the interior of the earth. Finally, the combined effect of pressure from the thickening cap and geothermal warming below melts the ice at the bottom. This frees the polar icecap from friction with underlying rock. It begins to spread out over the surrounding ocean as a floating ice shelf.

At its maximum, figures Dr. Wilson, the ice shelf covers 10 million square miles of ocean, and its white surface reflects so much sunlight that the earth's heat input is reduced by 4%. The earth's general temperature falls a few critical degrees, and ice sheets begin to grow larger in the Northern Hemisphere too. The bigger they get, the more solar energy they reflect back into space, and the colder the earth becomes.

Nibbling Ocean. This is what happened about a million years ago at the beginning of the Pleistocene, and the earth might have remained forever in perpetual deep freeze if not for a hidden weakness of the Antarctic icecap.

As the ice spread out over the southern ocean, colder ice came in contact once more with the rock below it, freezing the slippery water layer between ice and rock (see diagram). This was the turning point. Held fast to the rock, the ice stopped moving. The ice shelf was nibbled away by the ocean, and the earth could capture more of the sun's heat. The earth's temperature rose again, and the glaciers retreated.

Dr. Wilson believes that this has happened several times and that the cycles of warmth and cold will continue until some movement of the earth's crust shifts the Antarctic continent away from the freezing temperatures of the South Pole. Just how soon the glaciers will spread out again over the Northern Hemisphere, he does not say.

ZOOLOGY

Chicken Talk

Nationality seems to make no difference at all. "Ga-ga-GAAK, ga-ga-GAAK" means the same thing to a Russian Orloff rooster, an Italian Leghorn, a Cornish cock or a New Hampshire Red. At the sound of the excited cackling, prudent poultry the world over get the same message: "Watch out! Danger!"

Dr. Erich Baeumer, the country physician from Wiedenau, Germany, who translated the warning into people talk, insists that all chickens speak an international language made up of 30 basic sentences. And as a fowl linguist, the portly G.P. speaks with considerable authority. He has been studying the birds for nearly 60 years.

Young Erich was eight when his mother made him play in the chicken yard to keep him out of the road. "It was an intuitive understanding," he remembers with surprise. "I could actually tell what they were saying. I began to spend hours with them; they became brothers and sisters to me." He learned to imitate their sounds so well that he was accepted as a full-fledged member of the flock. Only when his voice changed did the chickens realize that he was not really one of them.

My Son the Rooster. All through his student years, Baeumer kept chummy with chickens; when he started medical



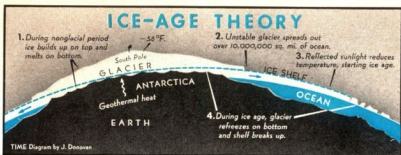
DR. BAEUMER & CHICK
An intuitive understanding.

practice in rural Wiedenau, he turned his garden into a chicken yard. He spent all his spare moments there, communing with the inmates, observing their language and customs. Sometimes he incubated a clutch of eggs and kept the chicks isolated so that they accepted him as their mother and apparently thought other humans were just big chickens. He listened carefully while their baby peeps changed to adult chicken language, and found that it came from instinct and never varied appreciably. Roosters raised in isolation from other chickens always crow correctly without learning how; isolated hens make correct clucking noises as soon as they feel ready to brood.

In 1954 the absorbing hobby became scientific research. The late Professor Erich von Holst was experimenting with chickens at the Institute of Behavior Physiology near Munich, and he needed an associate who knew chickens intimately. Von Holst was so impressed with the country doctor's chicken lore that he started him on an orgy of photography and tape recording.

After recording hours of chicken talk, Dr. Baeumer would play the tapes back, selecting examples of clear-cut chicken "sentences" that could be related to records or photographs of specific actions. Collecting prime examples of all the basic sentences took about four years. Best performers were breeds with strains of gamecock in them. "Chickens with fighting blood," says Dr. Baeumer, "are better because they have more temperament."

Trills & Cackles. Dr. Baeumer's chick-talk tapes, which are considered classics in animal-behavior circles, have been played at universities in many countries and broadcast over BBC. The genial doctor himself has mastered nearly all the nuances of chicken lan-



guage and can play a weighty role in any chicken society. He knows the loneliness cries of young chicks separated from their mother ("Pieep-pieep-pieep") and their terror trills—a high-pitched "Trr-trr." Both hens and roosters make "frightened" cackles when first they sense danger. After the danger passes, their cackling is full-throated and rhythmical, as if they had triumphed over a weasel or fox.

Hens make a somewhat similar cackle when they have laid an egg, but Dr. Baeumer does not think they are boasting or saying "Thank heaven that's over." He believes that it all goes back to the old days when wild hens laid eggs in hidden nests. After each delivery, the hen gave a loud cackle to regain contact with the rest of the flock.

Chickens make screams of distress; they have battle cries and calls for privacy. Hens lead their chicks to food with a gentle "Tuck-tuck-tuck," and roosters entice pretty pullets with soft cooing. "Chicken behavior is not too different from human behavior," says Dr. Baeumer fondly. "We, too, compete for women, food and the best nesting places. When we consider the chickens' richly organized instinctive life, their memory and their capabilities, we must admit it is stupid to talk about 'the stupid hen.'"

SPACE

Suited for a Vacuum

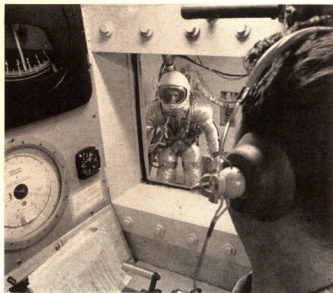
The big new boosters that rocketeers are racing to build may soon toss a man all the way to the moon, or out into the vast reaches between the planets. But though their spaceships are well advanced, scientists are still struggling with the problem of what the far-traveling astronaut ought to wear when he

takes the big trip. It is far from a question of style; it is a straightforward matter of survival.

Out in the vacuum of space, the properly suited explorer will have to be equipped with clothing that will let him work and move about actively. Outside a spaceship, where he may be called upon to make repairs, he will have to maneuver in zero gravity; his clothing will have to ward off solar heating twice as strong as on the earth's surface. Any space suit will have to be equipped with a portable oxygen supply and its own air-conditioning apparatus.

Such problems have long since been solved by science fictioners, but not in real life. But the Hamilton Standard division of United Aircraft has come as close as anyone. Designed for use by astronauts of the Apollo moon project, Hamilton Standard's space suit is made of several layers of rubber-impregnated fabric interlaced with ducts and supporting wires. Put in a vacuum chamber for testing with no one inside it, the suit was "flown" up to simulated altitudes as high as 130,000 ft. It stiffened and swelled, its arms spread outward like a gorilla's, but it did not burst. Next stage was to take the suit up to altitude with a living man inside it, and that man was taking a considerable chance. If a sudden leak had developed at 130,000 ft., the pressure inside would have fallen quickly to the point where human blood boils and death is almost instantaneous. But all went well, and the man could walk on a treadmill and use his arms with reasonable ease.

The next tests will take place in a new vacuum chamber that can duplicate both the cold of space and the merciless heat of the unshielded sun. If the suit survives those trials, it will be ready for Apollo.



SPACE SUIT UNDER TEST
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A recent report, for example, by the Center for Research in Security Prices at the University of Chicago contains some rather startling figures:

Suppose, for instance, that you were in the equivalent of today's \$10,000 tax bracket and had invested \$1,000 in every stock on the New York Stock Exchange starting in January of 1926. Suppose, too, that you had reinvested all your dividends as you went along.

Then, through December of 1960, the return on your total investment would have equalled a rate of 8.2% interest compounded annually after all commissions and capital gains taxes.

Purely as a matter of mathematics, \$1,000 compounded annually at 8.2% would amount to \$13,774 in 35 years. Or \$10,000 would amount to \$137,740.

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CINEMA

Smorgasbore

The Prize is the Nobel Prize. In this picture, based on Irving Wallace's super-selling novel, it is awarded to Edward G. Robinson, the well-known physicist. The minute the old dear arrives in Stockholm to get his check, he is abducted by some Russian agents who look as if they took sneering lessons from Little Caesar. Now get this. In the suite vacated by Edward G. Robinson. No, not the same Edward G. Robinson. This one is a Russian ringer instructed to refuse the Nobel Prize,

WALTER D'ARNO



NEWMAN & SOMMER IN "THE PRIZE"
Robinson is not really Robinson.

denounce the imperialists and defeat the East. Sneaky, no?

Paul Newman, the well-known American novelist, is also about to be lauded, but he really deserves an Ignoble Prize. For several years he has been hitting the bottle harder than the Olivetti. He is about to take a crack at Elke Sommer, a midsummer night's dream who works for the Swedish Foreign Office, when he notices that Robinson is not really Robinson. Stand back, everybody. Newman may be a lousy writer but he is a Good American. Alone he takes on several dozen mugs from Moscow. They slash at him with switchblades, they pitch him off a skyscraper, they—well, frankly, they are deplorably inefficient. Newman survives.

The customers may not; they are forced to swallow an awful lot of chokers. He: "Will you marry me?" She: "Why settle for one dish when there's smorgasbord?" But now and then there are some funny lines. There is plenty of fast action, too. And there is Elke Sommer, a blizzard blonde who is just possibly the most important German export since the frankfurter. In Hollywood they call her Elke Seltzer, and she may put a fresh fizz in the neighborhood biz.

Rheum at the Top

The Guest. Into a junk-filled room atop an otherwise empty house in West London totters an old derelict named Davies. Clothes flap on his bony frame like weather-beaten posters on a board fence. A bristling compendium of social evils, he is dirty, meretricious, bigoted, violent, treacherous. "I been left for dead more than once," he rasps. For 15 years he has been trying to make a trip down to Sidecup "to get my papers. They prove who I am, I can't move without them papers."

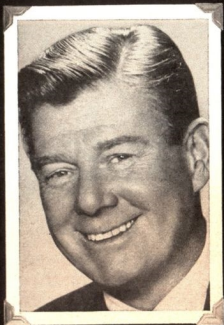
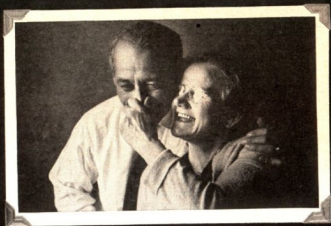
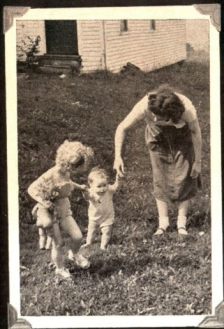
While waiting for a break in the weather, as he puts it, Davies—played with uncluttered perception by Donald Pleasence—burrows into the refuge offered by a former mental patient (Robert Shaw), the elder of two misfit brothers. Shaw collects things—bales of newspapers, a disconnected faucet, a kitchen sink, a bud vase full of screws—and she speaks and moves with the stony detachment of a man who will never again disturb the balance of his uneasy truce with life. His goal is to build a workshed out back: "Then I'll be able to do a bit more with the house." The younger brother (Alan Bates) retains some link to the workaday world but expresses his frustration in bursts of sadistic mockery. Davies sets the brothers one against the other in order to hold onto his job as caretaker. Finally they turn him out, and all three men are thrust back into the nightmare isolation whence they came.

With only a smidgen of a plot to drive them, this unholy trio thrashes out a sometimes funny, sometimes corrosive drama based on Harold Pinter's London and Broadway stage success, *The Caretaker*. It is still morbidly fascinating to watch. And what made the play important remains perfectly clear: dialogue so richly human that every vile syllable sounds like a cry for help, plus superb acting of their original roles by Pleasence, Shaw and Bates.

But if the playwright's bleak study of mankind may be an allegory subject to highly colorful interpretations, it may only be an exercise in ambiguity. The movie falters, too, because the flaws of filmed theater become obvious whenever Director Clive Donner and Scenarist Pinter try most earnestly to "open up" the play in cinema terms. A room sealed against the real and imagined terrors of the outside world is the natural hell of Pinter's characters, and a legitimate theater is an intimate place to share them. To set them roaming into the street or off to a neighborhood café for breakfast, arbitrarily adds action but dissipates the mood so brilliantly sustained onstage. Though this screen adaptation leaves gaps that an ambitious camera must try to fill, popping out for a bit of fresh air is not necessarily the answer.

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THE CBS RADIO NETWORK



MODERN LIVING

MORALS

The Second Sexual Revolution

[See Cover]

The Orgone Box is a half-forgotten invention of the late Dr. Wilhelm Reich, one of Sigmund Freud's more brilliant disciples, who in his middle years turned into an almost classic specimen of the mad scientist. The device was supposed to gather, in physical form, that life force which Freud called libido and which Reich called orgone, a coinage derived from "orgasm." The narrow box, simply constructed of wood and lined with sheet metal, offered cures for almost all the ills of civilization and of the body; it was also widely believed to act, for the person sitting inside it, as a powerful sex stimulant. Hundreds of people hopefully bought it before the U.S. Government declared the device a

memory of Aphrodite can only gape at the American goddesses, silken and seminude, in a million advertisements. Indians who have seen the temple sculptures of Konarak can only marvel at some of the illustrated matter sold in American drugstores; and Frenchmen who consider themselves the world's arbiters on the subject, can only smile at the urgency attached to it by Americans. The U.S. seems to be undergoing a revolution of mores and an erosion of morals that is turning it into what Reich called a "sex-affirming culture."

Two Generations. Men with memories ask, "What, again?" The first sexual revolution followed World War I, when flaming youth buried the Victorian era and anointed itself as the Jazz Age. In many ways it was an innocent revolution. In *This Side of Paradise*, F. Scott Fitzgerald alarmed mothers by telling

they usually sound halfhearted. Closed minds have not disappeared, but as a society, the U.S. seems to be dominated by what Congregationalist Minister and Educator Robert Elliot Fitch calls an "orgy of open-mindedness." Faith and principle are far from dead—but what stands out is an often desperate search for "new standards for a new age."

Wide-open Atmosphere. Thus everybody talks about the current sexual situation; but does everyone know what he's talking about? No new Kinsey report or Gallup poll can chart the most private—and most universal—of subjects. What people say does not necessarily reflect what they do, and what they do does not necessarily show how they feel about it. Yet out of an aggregate of words and actions, every society makes a statement about itself. Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles sums it up: "The atmosphere is wide open. There is more promiscuity, and it is taken as a matter of course



SPECTATOR SEX: GIRLIE MAGAZINES ON SAN FRANCISCO NEWSSTAND
Not an isolated phenomenon, but part and symptom of an era.

fraud in 1954 and jailed its inventor. And yet, in a special sense, Dr. Reich may have been a prophet. For now it sometimes seems that all America is one big Orgone Box.

With today's model, it is no longer necessary to sit in cramped quarters for a specific time. Improved and enlarged to encompass the continent, the big machine works on its subjects continuously, day and night. From innumerable screens and stages, posters and pages, it flashes the larger-than-life-sized images of sex. From countless racks and shelves, it pushes the books which a few years ago were considered pornography. From myriad loudspeakers, it broadcasts the words and rhythms of pop-music erotica. And constantly, over the intellectual Muzak, comes the message that sex will save you and libido make you free.

The U.S. is still a long way from the rugged debaucheries of Restoration England or the perfumed corruption of the Gallant Century in France. But Greeks who have grown up with the

them "how casually their daughters were accustomed to being kissed": to-day mothers thank their stars if kissing is all their daughters are accustomed to. It was, nevertheless, a revolution that took nerve, and it was led by the daring few; today's is far more broadly based. In the 1920s, to praise sexual freedom was still outrageous; today sex is simply no longer shocking, in life or literature.

The difference between the '20s and '60s comes down, in part, to a difference between people. The rebels of the '20s had Victorian parents who laid down a Victorian law; it was something concrete and fairly well-defined to rise up against. The rebels of the '60s have parents with only the tattered remnants of a code, expressed for many of them in Ernest Hemingway's one-sentence manifesto: "What is moral is what you feel good after, and what is immoral is what you feel bad after." Adrift in a sea of permissiveness, they have little to rebel against. Parents, educators and the guardians of morality at large do pull themselves together to say "don't," but

now by people. In my day they did it, but they knew it was wrong."

Publicly and dramatically, the change is evident in Spectator Sex—what may be seen and read. Thirty-five years ago, *Elmer Gantry* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* were banned in Boston; today Supreme Court decisions have had the net effect of allowing everything to be published except "hard-core pornography." It is hard to remember that as recently as 1948, in *The Naked and the Dead*, Norman Mailer felt compelled to reduce his favorite four letters to three ("fug"), or that there was ever any fuss about poor old *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and his worshipful deification of sexual organs. John O'Hara, whose writing until recently was criticized as "sex-obsessed," appears positively Platonic alongside Calder Willingham and John Updike, who describe lyrically and in detail matters that used to be mentioned even in scientific works only in Latin.

Then there is Henry Miller with his scabrous *Tropics*, and William Bur-

STEPHEN FRISCH

HENRY GOODMAN



AT A BALL (EVA SIX)
Pleasure is a right.

roughs' *Naked Lunch*, an incredible piece of hallucinatory homosexual depravity. And if these are classed as literature and are democratically available at the neighborhood drugstore, who is going to stop the cheap pornographer from putting out *Lust Hop*, *Lust Jungle*, *Lust Kicks*, *Lust Lover*, *Lust Lease*, *Lust Moll*, *Lust Team*, *Lust Girls*, and *Call Boy*? In girlie magazines, nudity stops only at the *mons Veneris—et quandoque ne ibi quidem*. Asks Dr. Paul Gebhard, the late Alfred Kinsey's successor at Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research: "What do you do after you show it all? I've talked to some of the publishers, and they are a little worried."

The Next Step. The cult of pop hedonism and phony sexual sophistication grows apace. It produces such books as *Sex and the Single Man*, in which Dr. Albert Ellis, a supposedly reputable psychologist, offers crude but obvious instructions on how to seduce a girl, and the Playboy Clubs, which are designed to look wicked except that no one is supposed even to touch the "Bunnies"—creating the teasing impression of brothels without a second story. But by no means all of Spectator Sex is un-

ART KANE FOR VOGUE MAGAZINE



FASHION MODEL (IN VOGUE)
Greeks are amazed.

pleasant. American clothes nowadays manage to be both free and attractive—necklines are down, skirts are up, ski pants are tight, girdles are out, and figures are better than ever, to which there can be very few objections.

Hollywood, of course, suggests more of morals and immorals to more people than any other single force. Gone with Marilyn Monroe is the last, and perhaps the greatest, of the sex symbols. Lesser girls in ever crasser if no more honest stories now symbolize very little except Hollywood's desire to outshock TV (easy because the living room still imposes some restraints) and outsex foreign movies (impossible). European films have the best-looking girls; they also have a natural, if sometimes amoral, attitude toward sex, somewhere between a shrug and a prayer, between desire and fatigue, which makes Hollywood eroticism seem coyly fraudulent.

As for Broadway, quite a few plays lately have opened with a couple in bed—to show right away, as Critic Walter Kerr says, that the male is not a homosexual. As another critic has seriously suggested, the next step in the theater will be to represent sexual intercourse onstage. Meanwhile, the forthcoming musical, *What Makes Sammy Run?*, at least represents how to feel about it. In a pleasant but unmistakable song, one of Sammy's girls croons, without reference to love or even to passion:

*Drinks are okay, they break the ice,
Dancing this way is also nice.
But why delay the friendliest thing
Two people can do?
When it can be the sweetest and,
Let's face it, the completest and
friendliest thing
Two people can do!**

The Unique Conflict. It remains for each man and woman to walk through this sexual bombardment and determine for themselves what to them seems tasteless or objectionable, entertaining or merely dull. A healthy society must assume a certain degree of immunity on the part of its people. But no one can really calculate the effect this exposure is having on individual lives and minds. Above all, it is not an isolated phenomenon. It is part and symptom of an era in which morals are widely held to be both private and relative, in which pleasure is increasingly considered an almost constitutional right rather than a privilege, in which self-denial is increasingly seen as foolishness rather than virtue. While science has reduced fear of long-dreaded earthly dangers, such as pregnancy and VD, skepticism has diminished fear of divine punishment. In short, the Puritan ethic, so long the dominant moral force in the U.S., is widely considered to be dying, if not dead, and there are few mourners.

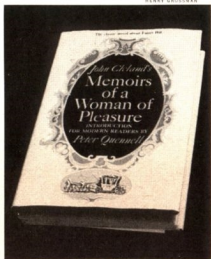
The demise of Puritanism—whether permanent or not remains to be seen—

is the latest phase in a conflict, as old as Christianity itself, between Eros and agape, between passionate love named for a pagan god and spiritual love through which man imitates God. It is a conflict unique to the Christian West. The religions of many other civilizations provide a clearly defined and positive place for sex. In the West, the tension between the two, and the general confusion about the many facets of love, leads to a kind of self-torment that, says Italian Author Leo Ferrero, "might well appear to a Chinese psychiatrist as symptomatic of insanity."

The Decline of Puritanism. Yet that "insanity" is among the great mysteries and challenges of the Christian tradition—the belief that sex is not only the force by which man perpetuates himself on God's earth but also the symbol of his fall, and that it can be sanctified only in the sacrament of marriage.

The original American Puritans understood passion as well as human frail-

HENRY GOODMAN



CURRENT LITERATURE
Kant put it differently.

ty: in Plymouth in the 1670s, while ordinary fornicators were fined £10, those who were engaged had to pay only half the fine. But a fatal fact about Puritanism, which led to its ever-increasing narrowness and decline, was its conviction that virtue could be legislated by the community, that human perfection could be organized on earth.

What the first sexual revolution in the U.S. attacked was not original Puritanism so much as its Victorian version—which had become a matter of prudery more than of purity, propriety more than of grace. The 19th century frantically insisted on propriety precisely because it felt its real faith and ethics disappearing. While it feared nudity like a plague, Victorian Puritanism had the effect of an all-covering gown that only inflames the imagination. By insisting on suppressing the sex instinct in everything, the age betrayed the fact that it

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MAKING OUT (CAMBRIDGE)
More difficult to hold the line.

really saw that instinct in everything. So, too, with Sigmund Freud, Victorianism's most perfect rebel.

Romantic Revolt. Freudian psychology, or its popularized version, became one of the chief forces that combined against Puritanism. Gradually, the belief spread that repression, not license, was the great evil, and that sexual matters belonged in the realm of science, not morals. A second force was the New Woman, who swept aside the Victorian double standard, which was partly based on the almost universally held notion that women—or at any rate, ladies—did not enjoy sex. One eminent doctor said it was a “foul aspersions” on women to say they did. The celebrated 2nd century Physician Galen was (and is) often incompletely quoted to the effect that “every animal is sad after coitus.” Actually, as Kinsey pointed out, he had added the qualification, “except the human female and the rooster.” Siding with Galen, women claimed not only the right to work and to vote, but the even more important right to pleasure.

These two allies against Puritanism seemed to be joined by Eros in person. The cult of romantic passion, with its assertion that true love could exist only outside marriage, had first challenged Christianity in the 12th century; some consider it an uprising of the old paganism long ago driven underground by the church. From *Tristan* on, romance shaped the great literary myths of the West and became a kind of secular religion. Christianity learned to coexist with it.

But in the early 20th century, the religion of romance appeared in a new form, and its troubadour was D. H. Lawrence. Until then, it had been tinged by the polite and melancholy suggestion that desire, not fulfillment, was the best part of love. Lawrence countered vehemently that fulfillment is everything, that sex is the one great, true

thing in life. More explicitly than anyone before him, he sentimentalized the orgasm, in whose “final massive and dark collision of the blood” he saw man's apotheosis and fusion with the divine.

Beyond Prohibition. Christianity does not share this mystique of sex, insisting that the primary purpose of the sexual act as ordained by God is procreation. It never considered the flesh to be intrinsically evil. But for a thousand years, the Church was deeply influenced by the views of St. Augustine, a profligate in his youth and a moralist in middle age, who held that even within marriage, sex and its pleasures were dangerous—a necessary evil for the begetting of children. Gradually, partly under the influence of the Reformation, which denied the “higher value” of celibacy, Christianity began to move away from this austere Augustinian view, and toward an acceptance of pleasure in sex as a positive good.

In 1951, Pope Pius XII still warned against un-Christian hedonism, but reaffirmed it was right that “husband and wife shall find pleasure and happiness of mind and body.” Today, says Father John Thomas, noted Roman Catholic sociologist, “what is needed is a whole new attitude by the church toward sexuality. There is in both Catholicism and Protestantism a relatively well-developed theology of sex on the negative side. Now more than prohibition is needed.”

The Protestant churches have indeed gone far beyond prohibition through their wide approval of birth control not only as an aid in sensible family planning but, in the words of the Anglican bishops at the 1958 Lambeth conference, as a “gate to a new depth and joy in personal relationships between husband and wife.” Ironically, it is Communism, having long ago silenced all its bold talk about “free love,” which may be the most puritanical force in the

world today. In 1984, George Orwell attributed the old Victorian code to his fictional dictator: “goodsex” was marital intercourse without pleasure on the part of the woman, “sexcrime” was everything else.

Search for Codes. A great many Americans—probably the majority—live by the old religious morality. Or at least they try to; they may practice what Max Lerner describes as “patterned evasion,” a heavy but charitable way of saying that to keep society going people must be free, up to a point, not to practice what they profess.

Many others now live by what State University of Iowa Sociologist Ira Reiss calls “permissiveness with affection.” What this means to most people is that: 1) morals are a private affair; 2) being in love justifies pre-marital sex, and by implication perhaps extramarital sex; 3) nothing really is wrong as long as nobody else “gets hurt.”

This happens to be reminiscent of the moral code expressed in *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, otherwise known as *Fanny Hill*, the celebrated 18th century pornographic novel now freely available in the U.S. One of the principals “considered pleasure, of one sort or another, as the universal port of destination, and every wind that blew thither a good one, provided it blew nobody any harm.”

No Absolutes. One trouble with this very humane-sounding principle is that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to know what, in the long run, will hurt others and what won't. Thus, in spite of what may often appear to be a sincere concern for others, it remains an essentially self-centered code. In his categorical im-



GOING STEADY (LOS ANGELES)
Little marriage before the big one?

perative, Kant set down the opposite standard, a variation of the Golden Rule: Judge your every action as if it were to become a universal principle applicable to all.

Undoubtedly, this is a difficult code to live by, and few try to. But living by a lesser code can be difficult too, as is shown by the almost frantic attempt of sociologists and psychologists to give people something to hold on to without falling back on traditional rules. Typical of many is the effort of Lester A. Kirkendall of Oregon State University, in his recent book, *Premarital Intercourse and Interpersonal Relationships*: "The moral decision will be the one which works toward the creation of trust, confidence and integrity in relationships." What such well-intentioned but tautologous and empty advice may mean in practice is suggested by one earnest teacher who praises the Kirkendall code: "Now I have an answer. I just tell the girls and boys that they have to consider both sides of the question—will sexual intercourse strengthen or weaken their relationship?"

The "relationship" ethic is well expressed by Miami Psychologist Granville Fisher, who speaks for countless colleagues when he says: "Sex is not a moral question. For answers you don't turn to a body of absolutes. The criterion should not be, 'Is it morally right or wrong,' but, 'Is it socially feasible, is it personally healthy and rewarding, will it enrich human life?'" Dr. Fisher adds, correctly, that many Protestant churchmen are beginning to feel the same way. "They are no longer shaking their finger because the boys and girls give in to natural biological urges and experiment a bit. They don't say, 'Stop, you're wrong,' but, 'Is it meaningful?'"

Methodist Bishop Kennedy condemns premarital sex "in general" but adds, "I wouldn't stand in judgment. There would be exceptions." Recently, Wally Toews, Presbyterian pastor at the University of Colorado, more or less condoned premarital sex when there is a "covenant of intimacy." A distinguished Protestant theologian privately recommends—he doesn't believe the U.S. is ready for him to say it publicly—the idea of a trial affair for some people, a "little marriage" in preparation for the "great marriage" which is to last.

Too Much, Too Soon. From current reports on youth, "meaningful relationships" and "covenants of intimacy" are rampant. Teen-agers put great stock in staying cool. But even discounting the blasé talk, the notion is widely accepted today, on the basis of Kinsey and a few smaller, more recent studies, that the vast majority of American men and at least half the women now have sexual intercourse before marriage. Dr. Graham B. Blaine Jr., psychiatrist at the Harvard and Radcliffe Health Service, estimates that

within the past 15 years the number of college boys who had intercourse before graduation rose from 50% to 60%, the number of college girls from 25% to 40%. A Purdue sociologist estimates that one out of six brides is pregnant.

These figures may be flawed, and they certainly do not apply to all parts of the U.S. or to all schools. But there is almost universal agreement that youngsters are pushed toward adult behavior too soon, often by ambitious mothers who want them to be "well adjusted" and popular; hence champagne parties for teen-agers, padded brassières for twelve-year-olds, and "going steady" at ever younger ages. American youngsters tend to live as if adolescence were

given them ears, given them prosperity—and yet still expects them to follow the rules. The compromise solution to this dilemma has long been petting, or "making out," as it is now known, which the U.S. did not invent but has carried to extreme lengths.

Now there are signs of resentment against a practice that overstimulates but blocks fulfillment. The resentment, however, is taking forms that alarm many parents. In a sweeping generalization, Dr. Blaine reports that "Radcliffe girls think petting is dirty because it is teasing. They feel if you are going to do that, it is better just to have intercourse." This may apply to some, but, as Harvard's President Pusey reported



UNWED MOTHERS (CHICAGO)
Hard to know who else will get hurt.

a last fling at life, rather than a preparation for it. Historian Arnold Toynbee, for one, considers this no laughing matter, for part of the modern West's creative energy, he believes, has sprung from the ability to postpone adolescents' "sexual awakening" to let them concentrate on the acquisition of knowledge.

Most significant of all, the age-old moral injunctions are less readily accepted by the young—partly because they sense that so many parents don't really believe in them either.

Crisis of Virginity. "Nice girls don't" is undoubtedly still the majority view, but definitely weakening, as is "No nice boy will respect you if you go to bed with him." A generation ago, college boys strayed off campus to seek out professionals; today they are generally looked down on if they can't succeed with a coed.

In a way, the situation is the logical consequence of U.S. attitudes toward youth. In other societies, the young are chaperoned and restricted because it is assumed, human nature being what it is, that if they are exposed to temptation they will give in. The U.S., on the other hand, has set the young free,

in a speech last week, 80% of Radcliffe girls get degrees with honors, "so they can't do all that running around they're supposed to."

Many girls are still sincere and even lyrical about saving themselves for marriage, but it is becoming a lot harder to hold the line. There is strong pressure not only from the boys but from other girls, many of whom consider a virgin downright square. The loss of virginity, even resulting in pregnancy, is simply no longer considered an American Tragedy. Says one student of the American vernacular: "The word virgin is taking on a slightly new meaning. It seems acceptable to consider a girl a virgin if she has had experience with only her husband before marriage, or with only one or two steadies." At a girls' college in Connecticut, one coed recently wrote a poem about the typical Yale man which concluded:

And so I yield myself completely to him.

Society says I should.

Damn society!

Talk of the Pill. Some girls are bothered to the point of consulting analysts when they find that having an affair

makes them uneasy; since everyone is telling them that sex is healthy, they feel guilty about feeling guilty. Some girls, says an Atlanta analyst, "are disturbed because they are no longer able to use fear of pregnancy as an excuse for chastity." In many parts of the country, physicians report the use of Saran Wrap as a male contraceptive, but such improvisation seems hardly necessary, since birth control devices of all kinds are sold freely, often at supermarkets. Parents have been known to buy diaphragms for their daughters (although in Cleveland recently, a woman was arrested for giving birth control information to her delinquent daughter).

The big new development is the oral contraceptive pill, widely used and even more widely discussed both at college and at home. A considerate boy asks a girl politely, "Are you on pills?" If not, he takes the precautions himself. Current joke definition of a good sport: A wife who keeps taking the Pill even when her husband is away.

In spite of all this, the number of illegitimate children born to teen-age mothers rose from 8.4 per thousand in 1940 to 16 in 1961, in the 20-to-25 age group from 11.2 per thousand to 41.2. Some girls neglect to use contraceptives, psychologists report, because they consciously or unconsciously want a child, others resent the planned, deliberate aspect; they think it "nicer" to get carried away on the spur of the moment. College girls have been known to take up collections for a classmate who needed an abortion, and some have had one without skipping a class.

Girls Aren't Things. Still, by and large, campus sex is not casual. Boys look down on a "community chest," meaning a promiscuous girl. Sociologist David Riesman believes that, far more so than in the '20s, boys treat girls as persons rather than objects: "They sit down and really talk with them."

Not that talk is universally appreciated. When New York girls speak of a date as N.A.T.O., they mean contemptuously, "No Action, Talk Only." Some find the steady affair on the dull side. One Hunter girl told Writer Gael Greene: "Sex is so casual and taken for granted—I mean we go to dinner, we go home, get undressed like old married people, you know—and just go to bed. I mean I'm not saying I'd like to be raped on the living-room floor exactly. But I would love to just sit around on the sofa and neck."

The young seem to be earnestly trying to construct their own code, and are even rediscovering for themselves some of the older verities. "They are piecing together lives which are at least as

whole as their parents," says Lutheran Minister Martin Marty. They marry early—probably too early—and they give the impression of escaping into marriage almost with a sense of relief. Often they are disappointed by what marriage brings.

Serial Polygamy. For the dominant fact about sexual mores in the U.S. remains the fragility of American marriage. The institution has never been easily sustained; "forsaking all others," in human terms, represents a belief that in an average life, loneliness is a greater threat than boredom. But the U.S. has a special concept of marriage, both Puritan and romantic. In most Eastern so-

sion of love affairs with slight legal trimmings. Cynics point out that serial polygamy was a fact even in Puritan times, when men had three or four wives because women were apt to die young; nowadays, divorce rather than death provides variety.

There is some sympathy for the European system. Says Psychiatrist Joseph Satten of the Menninger Foundation: "Fewer people feel now that infidelity demands a divorce. There is some value to this increased tolerance, because it may help keep our families together. But our society will suffer terribly if we equate freedom in sex with irresponsibility." Most Americans still feel that if the family is to be kept together, it cannot be through infidelity. There are, in fact, signs of stability in the divorce statistics, which have remained steady over the past four years.

Oh Men, Oh Women. Those marriages which do survive seem to be richer and more fun. Part of the reason may be that Americans are becoming more sophisticated and less inhibited in bed—as just about everyone is urging them to be. As respectable an authority as Robert C. Dodds, a minister in the United Church of Christ, and General Director of Planning for the National Council of Churches, appends a chapter on sex practices to a marriage handbook, in which a physician urges couples to explore and "conjure up various positions and actions of sexual intercourse." Old taboos are slowly beginning to disappear, and while the upper and educated classes were always more adventurous in their techniques, sexual class lines show signs of fading. Reportedly declining are such prudish practices as making love with one's clothes on or in total darkness.

The long-standing cold war between men and women in the U.S. may be heading for a *détente*. While American women often still seem too strong and American men too weak, the U.S. has learned that men have the kind of women they deserve. The image of the all-devouring, all-demanding but never-giving American Bitch is virtually gone, both in life and in literature (except possibly on Broadway, where so many plays are written by homosexuals). With the new legitimization of pleasure, the American woman increasingly tries to combine the roles of wife and mistress—with the same man, that is. It may be an unattainable goal, but the attempt is fascinating and often successful.

Perhaps Americans men have yet to discover that in her new and complicated role, woman must be wooed more than ever—and that wooing women is not a part-time occupation but a full-time attitude. But almost all American



SYMBOL

For Eros, a "meaningful relationship."

cieties, marriages are arranged by families; the same is true in many parts of Europe, and there, even where young people are free to choose, they often choose for purely practical reasons. In arranged marriage, it is expected that love may or may not come later—and remarkably often it does. If not, it may be found outside marriage. The church, of course, does not sanction this system, but in European countries it has managed to live with it.

In the U.S., this notion is repugnant. St. Paul said that it is better to marry than to burn; except for Roman Catholics, Americans tend to believe that it is better to divorce than to burn. The European aim is to keep the family under one roof; the American aim is to provide personal happiness. Partly as a result, the U.S. has developed what sociologists call "serial polygamy," often consisting of little more than a success-

men have begun to accept the fact that women nowadays have to be competent and managing types—without giving up their femininity. As for the often-heard charge that American men really want mothers, Henry Miller, of all people, recently replied: "I have often wondered what is so objectionable about being mothered by the woman one loves."

Sexual Democracy. In extramarital sex, one of the chief trends is toward sexual democracy. Today's sexual adventuring seems to be among social equals, even if it means the best friend's wife or husband. The old double standard involved a reservoir of socially inferior women, some of them prostitutes, others "nice" girls but not really quite nice. The prostitutes' ranks are thinning more than ever. As for the little seamstress or shop-girl type, she hardly exists any longer; heaven and union wages protect the working girl.

Today's catalyst for sex, at least in urban communities, is the office girl, from head buyer to perky file clerk. To many men, the office remains a refuge from home, and to many girls a refuge from the eligible but sometimes dull young men they meet in the outside world. One of the difficulties of the office affair, except for those who relish intrigue for its own sake, is the problem of sheer logistics and security. Semipublic, semipermanent affairs are still not readily condoned—or perhaps even really enjoyed—in the U.S. American men seem to have decided that if there is love, only marriage will suffice in the long run, and if there is no love, only boredom can result; thus does life forever re-invent morality.

The New Sin. Some sociologists believe that the U.S. is moving toward a more Mediterranean attitude toward sex and life in general. But the U.S. still cannot relax about it the way Europe does, which accepts sex without much discussion, as it accepts bread and wine, earth and sin.

In contrast, the U.S. is forever trying to banish sin from the universe—and finding new sins to worry about. The new sex freedom in the U.S. does not necessarily set people free. Psychoanalyst Rollo May believes that it has minimized external social anxiety but increased internal tension. The great new sin today is no longer giving in to desire, he thinks, but not giving in to it fully or successfully enough. While enjoyment of sex has increased for many, the "competitive compulsion to prove oneself an acceptable sexual machine" makes many others feel neurotically guilty, hence impotent or frigid. As a fellow analyst puts it bluntly: "We are always anticipating the 21-gun salute,

and worried if it doesn't happen." This preoccupation with the frequency and technique of orgasm, says May, leads to a new kind of inverted Puritanism.

If there is indeed a new Puritanism, it has its own Cotton Mather. Man, says Norman Mailer, "knows at the seed of his being that good orgasm opens his possibilities and bad orgasm imprisons him." Many people take this issue very seriously: next month, the American Association of Marriage Counselors will hold a three-day conference on the nature of orgasm.

There is also a tendency to see in sex not only personal but social salvation—the last area of freedom in an indus-

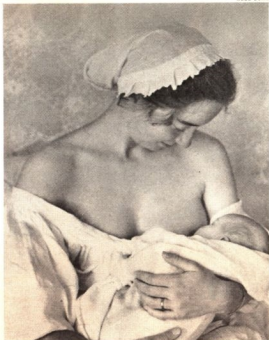
cently decided it was time to speak out, not only on sexual morality but on morals generally. Said he: "Most of our literature and social philosophy after 1850 was the voice of freedom against authority, of the child against the parent, of the pupil against the teacher. Through many years I shared in that individualistic revolt. I do not regret it; it is the function of youth to defend liberty and innovation, of the old to defend order and tradition, and of middle age to find a middle way. But now that I too am old, I wonder whether the battle I fought was not too completely won. Let us say humbly but publicly that we resent corruption in politics, dishonesty in business, faithlessness in marriage, pornography in literature, coarseness in language, chaos in music, meaninglessness in art."

Many Americans will share Durant's broad indignation, many will dissent from it. But one of the remarkable facts is that there is much less indignation in the churches today—at least as far as sexual morality goes. The watchword is to be positive, to stress the New Testament's values of faith, hope and charity rather than the prohibitions of the Commandments. Many sermons, if they deal with sexual transgressions at all, prefer to treat them simply as one kind of difficulty among many others. The meaning of sin in the U.S. today is no longer predominantly sexual.

Few will regret that. But many do feel the need for a reaffirmation of the spiritual meaning of sex. For the act of sex is above all the supreme act of communion between two people, as sanctified by God and celebrated by poets. "Love's mysteries in souls do grow, but yet the body is his book," wrote John Donne. And out of this connection and commitment come children, who should be a responsibility—and a joy.

When sex is pursued only for pleasure, or only for gain, or even only to fill a void in society or in the soul, it becomes elusive, impersonal, ultimately disappointing. That is what Protestant Theologian Helmut Thielicke has in mind when he warns that "a de-throned god seems to be staging his comeback in a secularized world." Eros is accorded high rank today, "a rank that comes close to the deity it once had." The spiritual danger is that Eros may leave "no room for agape, which lives not by making claims but by giving."

The Victorians, who talked a great deal about love, knew little about sex. Perhaps it is time that modern Americans, who know a great deal about sex, once again start talking about love.



REALITY

From commitment, reverence and joy.

trialized society, the last frontier. In one of the really "in" books of recent years, *Life Against Death*, Norman O. Brown has even suggested a kind of sexual utopia. In his vision, all repressions would be eliminated, along with civilization itself; the future would belong to sexuality, not just of the present "genital" variety, which Brown considers a form of tyranny, but the all-round, innocent sexuality a child enjoys.

Such notions mean burdening sex with too much deadly importance, suggesting an absurd vision of all those college kids making out, the clerks trying to learn the art of seduction from Dr. Albert Ellis, the young married couples in their hopeful conjugal beds—all only serving the great cause of some socio-sexual revolution.

The Supreme Act. Contemplating the situation from the vantage point of his 79 years, Historian Will Durant re-



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U.S. BUSINESS

TOBACCO

Still Smoking

The U.S. tobacco business faces a dilemma that no huge industry has ever before confronted. The cigarette, its prime product, is increasingly under fire as a peril to life and health; yet it continues to enjoy a king-sized market. While many of the nation's 70 million smokers may be trying to quit, the tobacco industry has no intention of doing so. After the Surgeon General's report, the cigarette makers last week withdrew behind a smokescreen of secrecy and agonized over the next line of defense.

Beyond that line stands much more than tobacco. The \$8 billion-a-year business affects dozens of manufacturers, 400,000 farmers, and 1,500,000 grocers, druggists and other retailers. It buys one-quarter of the nation's foil, is the third biggest user of cellophane and one of the largest consumers of paper products. Its \$250 million-a-year advertising budget helps to support the nation's communications media—newspapers, magazines and, notably, television. Tobacco taxes earn more than \$1 billion for the 50 states, more than \$2 billion for the Federal Government.

Bills & Bans. The industry is used to attacks, but the latest blast was the strongest ever because it carried the force of Government and called for "appropriate remedial action." Congress is considering six bills that would tighten Government controls over cigarette sales, label cigarettes as injurious, or force manufacturers to list the tar and nicotine contents on their packages. The bills have little chance of passing soon, but the Federal Trade Commission figures that it already has the powers to get tough. Last week it proposed to ban advertising that makes smoking out to

be manly or glamorous, and to force manufacturers to state in their ads and on their packages that cigarettes are dangerous. Some cities took independent action; St. Louis decided to enforce an old law against smoking by minors, and Eastland, Texas, voted a dubious ban on selling or smoking cigarettes. Even more worrisome for tobaccomen is the long-range prospect that stronger Government reports and sharper public reactions can be expected later. Already three small U.S. life insurance companies have begun to offer policies with boosted benefits for persons who have sworn off smoking.

Well before the Surgeon General dropped his bomb, the manufacturers were employing new economic tactics. Having diversified into such things as razor blades and canned fruit punch, they are rolling out new pitches and products to keep their main business growing. Philip Morris and P. Lorillard, taking a leaf out of Raleigh's old book, recently have begun backing some of their brands with gift coupons (47,185 Alpine coupons for a mink stole); Liggett & Myers recently brought out its triple-filter Lark brand. Six out of ten U.S. smokers have already switched to filters, and last week Surgeon General Luther L. Terry, pushed to amplify some confusing statements on the subject, said that filters offer "a promising avenue for future development."

Rushed by Air. The cigarette makers' pack of troubles meant opportunity for others. Sales of cigars rose across the U.S., and cigar stocks climbed on the major stock exchanges. Tobacconists everywhere reported an unprecedented surge in the sales of pipes; demand for bejeweled little pipes for ladies multiplied so fast that distributors rushed their shipments by air freight. Among the biggest gainers were the anti-nico-

tine preparations. Bantron, the largest-selling smoke-curing drug, could not keep up with demand from its distributors, and neither could Nikoban and Ban-Smoke.

Despite the headlines and obvious warnings, tobacconists last week noted only a slight drag in cigarette sales. Because cigarette makers get sales reports from the field with extraordinary speed, they will know within three weeks the precise extent of the damage—if any.

LABOR

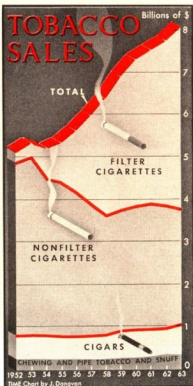
The Debate About Overtime

Many a working man still counts on overtime to finance a vacation or a new TV set, but the top ranks of labor increasingly regard the institution as more of a bane than a blessing. Their criticism reflects a growing union feeling that overtime work is stealing a chance to work from the nation's jobless, and their demands to curb it rank with the 35-hour week as a favored solution to high unemployment. In a bow to organized labor, President Johnson joined the attack in his State of the Union message by proposing a study to consider penalties against companies that regularly schedule excessive overtime to avoid hiring extra workers.

The President's penalties could involve legislation ordering companies to pay workers double or even triple time for extra hours worked; but no serious



LADY PIPE-BUYER IN MANHATTAN
Also cigars and smoke-curing pills.



consideration is expected from Congress this year. Nonetheless, U.S. labor unions are dead earnest about curbing overtime on their own. In Detroit, proposals to curtail overtime will be one of the key issues that Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers will take up at the bargaining table this year. The steel industry's labor-management human relations committee is already grappling with the question, and the Rubber Workers, the Cement Masons, the Machinists and the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers are among the many other unions strongly opposed to any more than a bare amount of overtime.

Asking for More. Many oldtimers are willing to go along with union opposition to overtime because they do not want or need to put in extra hours at work; average factory wages in December, after all, hit a new record of \$102 a week, or \$2.50 an hour. But the bulk of the younger workers, burdened with the expenses of setting up households, are eager for any additional cash. Says William Goldmann, assistant regional director for the U.A.W. in Los Angeles, "Our members start complaining about excessive overtime, and we get them down to nine or ten hours a day. They work like that for a while, and then they come to us and say they want more overtime."

Any Government attempt to limit overtime would meet fierce opposition from management. Many companies prefer to schedule overtime rather than train someone new, because experienced hands give them better work and save them the expense of added fringe benefits for a new employee. The industries with some of the heaviest overtime are autos, where workers spend 5.4 extra hours a week in the plant, cement (6.6 hr.), grain mill products (7.3 hr.), and paper (5.6 hr.). Thus, even with overtime, few workers work more than a 46-hour week.

The Impetus. Labor Secretary Wirtz insists that hiring new employees instead of working old ones overtime would have increased employment by more than 900,000 last year, but industry hotly disputes this. In the steel industry, most overtime is worked when employees fail to show up for shifts, and no new hiring would be feasible in such cases. The auto industry has dragged in every available trained worker to keep up with the sales race, and Detroit companies have even gone to South Bend to recruit laid-off Studebaker workers. But there is no time to train green hands; automaten need production right now.

Opponents of overtime are really asking business to eliminate the peaks and valleys of production—something that management would like to do in any case because it would even out costs. But changing the regular payment for overtime from time and a half to double time would cost industry \$46 million extra a week, and, with today's rapidly advancing technology, would not automatically lead to more hirings. "In the long run," warns Inland Steel Vice President William Caples, "any-

thing that becomes expensive we eliminate—we engineer it out." The risk is that such penalties might provide the impetus for new breakthroughs in automation that would make unemployment even worse.

AVIATION

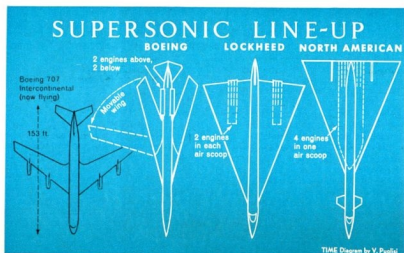
SSTart

Into the Federal Aviation Agency's headquarters in Washington last week were carted more than three tons of closely guarded papers. The stacks of documents were the entries of three of the nation's leading planemakers—Boeing, Lockheed, and North American Aviation—in the biggest design competition in the history of U.S. civil aviation. At stake is the Government contract, worth at least \$750 million, to build a supersonic transport.

The companies are under strict or-

der is the most advanced, employing a "variable-sweep" wing that can be adjusted to different settings. By extending its wings, Boeing's SST could take off and land at the same speeds as supersonic jets, tucking in its wings for swift supersonic flight.

The SST proposals—along with the power-plant proposals submitted by General Electric, United Aircraft and Curtiss-Wright—will be evaluated by a team of 210 Government aeronautical experts, will also be studied by the nation's airlines. If the FAA decides that the designs of one planemaker and one enginemaker are markedly superior to all others, the final contracts will be awarded in May. Otherwise the two leaders in each category will be placed in a one-year design competition to decide the winners. Even if contracts are awarded in May, the U.S. can hardly hope to get its SST into commercial



ders to keep their proposals secret, but enough has already leaked out to produce some reasonably accurate ideas about designs for the SST, as the supersonic is known in aviation. The most salient point about the U.S. SSTs is their unexpected size. All three planemakers proposed SSTs measuring about 210 ft. in length (v. 153 ft. for the longest Boeing 707 and 180 ft. for the Anglo-French Concorde supersonic). The big planes are designed to carry 150 to 210 passengers, depending on seating arrangements, and attain a speed of Mach 3 (three times the speed of sound) v. a Mach 2.2 top speed for the Concorde. To withstand the heat generated by the higher speed, the U.S. supersonics will be built of titanium and stainless steel.

The major difference among the U.S. designs is in the wings. Drawing on its experience as builder of the Air Force's RS-70, which will be rolled out within the next two months, North American has used the combination of a small stabilizing fin and a delta-wing for its SST design. Lockheed's proposal features a delta-wing design similar to the Concorde's. Boeing's design

service before 1972, two years later than the rival Concorde. But the world's airlines are so confident that the U.S. will produce a superior plane that they have already placed 70 orders for whatever plane is finally built v. only 49 orders for the Concorde.

MANAGEMENT

Strategist of Success

He was not an inventive tinkerer like Henry Ford or a master mechanic like Walter Chrysler; yet he had a more profound effect on the development of the U.S. auto industry than either of them. No auto bears his name, though he made possible the variety of names and styles that mark today's auto industry. He is still spoken of with awe and respect in Detroit, where he performed one of the business miracles of the century: the transformation of a haphazard and inefficient collection of automakers into the world's largest and most profitable industrial enterprise.

At 88, Alfred P. Sloan, the former chief executive of General Motors and its guiding light for 33 years before he retired in 1956, no longer wields the

vast executive power he once exerted. But he still keeps busy as a member of G.M.'s finance committee—and he still knows more about the intricate science of running a large corporation than any other living American.* He has now committed much of that knowledge to paper with the help of *FORTUNE* Editor John McDonald. *My Years with General Motors*, published last week after five years of preparation, is nothing less than a modern *Pentateuch* of management technique that has revelations for every executive—and everyone who aspires to be an executive.

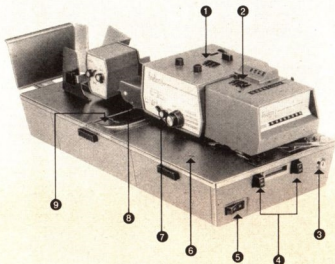
In Control. After graduating from M.I.T. in 1895, Sloan parlayed a \$5,000 grubstake into control of a small New Jersey roller-bearing plant. In 1916 William Durant, the flamboyant founder of General Motors, bought out Sloan, who became a G.M. executive. Only four years later, when Durant was forced out for speculating in G.M. shares, Sloan had shown such a flair for organization that the new Du Pont management made him executive vice president. In 1923 he became president.

From the time the Du Ponts took over, Sloan and G.M. were inseparable. He took hold of the seemingly unmanageable collection of divisions, some of which hid their cash from the others, and shook hard; he brought order out of chaos, and thus geared the company for a growth that hardly anyone else foresaw. He instituted G.M.'s famed—and often copied—system of “decentralization with coordinated control,” emphasized selling autos on the installment plan, and set up G.M.'s first efficient auto-dealer system.

Leveling on Ford. After shaping up G.M., Sloan in the mid-'20s leveled his sights on his bitter and then bigger rival, Ford. Old Henry Ford's policy was to stick with one model, in one color, in one price bracket—forever, if possible. Sloan countered with a strategy of change and diversity that aimed at the auto buyers' varying tastes and pocket-books and their desire for change. He broadened G.M.'s line by creating the medium-priced Pontiac and by extending Chevrolet further into the low-priced field. He then inaugurated the most unbeatable auto-selling gimmick of them all: the annual model change-over. It quickly became a key factor in spurring the growth of the market.

Sloan's strategy worked so well that Ford was forced to discontinue the Model T and close his plants for six months in 1927 to retool for the Model A. While Ford was shut down, G.M. drove past; it has never been in second place again. By the time the Depression came, Sloan had G.M. in such good shape that it rolled through the '30s

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* With 686,152 shares, Sloan is General Motors' second largest private shareholder after Michigan Philanthropist Charles Stewart Mott (*TIME*, June 28). Sloan has contributed heavily to the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation (basic scientific research) and to the Sloan-Kettering Institute (cancer research).



ALFRED P. SLOAN
Excelling in a special science.

without ever failing to pay a dividend. After the Depression eased, Sloan began a thorough modernization of G.M.'s plants, pushed auto refinements that led to better steering and automatic transmissions. In 1946 he gave up the chief executive post to Charles E. Wilson, but stayed on as chairman of the board to help guide G.M. into the huge post-war auto market.

"Not Big Enough," Sloan makes it plain that he holds strictly old-fashioned, lean-hound-dog notions about how to run a company. "The final act of business judgment is intuitive," he says, and "no organization is sounder than the men who run it." He makes clear his belief that the chief responsibility of an executive is to make decisions—even at the risk of making wrong ones.

Sparring with reporters last week, Sloan was asked if he could name any mistakes that he had made in his long years at G.M. "I don't want to keep you up all night," he snapped. "The executive who makes an average of fifty-fifty is doing pretty good." And then the man who shaped the world's biggest enterprise thought of a big failing. "I always made things not big enough," he said. "The demand was always growing faster than I thought."

OIL

The Louisiana Splash

Like pond-scrimming beetles, hundreds of speedboats and scows crisscrossed the Gulf of Mexico last week carrying men and material to 88 rigs perched off the Louisiana coast. Helicopters whirled overhead, and field offices set up by 20 major oil companies bulged with engineers and geological surveyors. Arcing from the Mississippi Delta westward to the Sabine River and extending seaward 75 miles, Louisiana's 47 offshore oilfields cover a pool of

more than 10 billion bbl. Coastal Louisiana, as a result, has become the world's busiest offshore oil site.

Most Generous. Domestic-oil exploration has changed drastically since the 1956 Suez crisis touched off an anything-goes search for more Stateside oil. Renewed imports, tightened state restrictions to guard reserves, and marginal returns from shallow drilling are forcing today's oilmen to drill deeper and to move into states where allowances—the monthly production quotas imposed by the state—are more generous. Louisiana is not only among the most liberal in quotas, but has the best deep-drill prospects. Though Texas still leads all oil-producing states (35.5% of U.S. production), its oil output has declined steadily since 1951. Louisiana four years ago bumped California from second place, last year raised its production another 13% to 521.1 million bbl.—25% of it in offshore oil.

The oil companies that have flocked offshore have to drill down through as much as 300 ft. of water and 16,000 ft. of mud and shale. A single successful well costs as much as \$3,000,000, about six times the cost of a similar dry-land operation. The lease on a giant three-legged drilling platform, such as Kerr-McGee's Kermac 54, now jacklegged this week into 180 ft. of water 80 miles from shore, runs to \$8,000 a day. Oil companies so far have invested \$4.25 billion in offshore operations, recovered \$1.75 billion of it. Under such conditions, all but a handful of independents have been frozen out of the play.

Even the major companies have found it wise to syndicate offshore. Shell, Humble and Standard of California are the three biggest offshore explorers, but each has entered partnerships besides maintaining a solo operation. The fourth-biggest operation, C.A.T.C., is a syndicate formed by Continental, Atlantic, Tidewater and Cities Service; since 1953 it has had 300 successful completions in 600 attempts. But C.A.T.C. has also spent \$497 million, climbed out of a sea of red only in 1962.

Contested Claims. Both the U.S. Government and the state of Louisiana will profit from the offshore boom, but no one yet knows to what extent. Congress set out to settle the tidelands oil controversy in 1953 by extending state ownership of coastal waters to three miles, beyond which the Government takes the lease and royalty profits. But it neglected to designate a base point for the measurement (low-tide mark, land mass, mud flats?), and jurisdictional claims are being contested on 20% of the Louisiana tracts. Until the point is determined, contested royalties go into escrow. But the question of ownership scarcely bothers the oil companies, which have settled down for a long haul. To eliminate barge hauling, they have already laid a whole network of pipes on the Gulf floor to carry oil and natural gas to onshore refineries.

PERSONALITIES

NEARING 65, salty C. R. Smith last week moved up to chairman—and still chief executive—after 23 years as American Airlines' president. Succeeding him as president of the nation's second largest airline: Vice President-General Manager Marion Sadler, 52, a onetime teacher who joined American in 1941 as a ramp attendant. Tennessee-born Sadler, who holds a master's degree in literature from Duke, had worked up to Buffalo sales manager when he was summoned to New York in 1955 on the strength of his sales-manual writing ability. In 1959, he was jumped over senior executives to general manager, told to hold costs while American moved into jets. Sadler is holding American's expenses to a 1% increase, v. an industry average of 3.5%, by pushing sales and by automating ground operations, revising flight schedules and working out economical maintenance. Sadler on weekends inspects American installations around the U.S. and, when he can, follows a Southerner's fancy for pheasant shooting and a scholar's interest in pre-Constantine Roman history.



SADLER



LITCHFIELD

FEW chief executives can claim careers as colorful as that of Lawrence Litchfield Jr., 63, the chairman of first-rank Aluminum Co. of America. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and Harvard ('23), he tramped the jungles of Latin America and Africa as a geologist in search of bauxite, learned to speak five languages and eat such delicacies as parrot soup, struck oil for Alcoa in Texas and along the way found time to be an athlete (rowing), amateur artist, rider and hunter. Since he moved up from president last April, he has spent most of his time "think-ing, talking and listening about marketing and sales." Last week Litchfield raised hundreds of Alcoa products by $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ to 2¢ per lb. to take advantage of a strengthening aluminum market. Competitors Reynolds Metals and Kaiser Aluminum quickly followed his lead—and then went one better by increasing basic aluminum prices by a penny, to 24¢ a lb. Will the boost stick? That depends largely on whether Alcoa and Larry Litchfield decide to accept it.

WORLD BUSINESS

EASTERN EUROPE

How the Other Half Lives

While Russia's grain shortage makes the news, it is only the most prominent of a whole basketful of economic problems that plague the Communist bloc. COMECON, the eight-nation group created by the Communists in frank imitation of the Common Market, not only has failed to relieve the economic chaos in Eastern Europe, but in many ways has actually worsened it. So nightmarish is their job that the satellite economists have begun to grumble openly.

A group of leading Czech economists recently blasted nationalization and collectivization, and called for the introduction of a price system based on supply and demand. In Hungary, Trade Expert Imre Vajda last month deplored COMECON's "regrettable sluggishness" and "antiquated concepts," called for more "endeavor to cooperate with capitalist enterprises."

Disillusioned by COMECON's failure, Eastern Europe is indeed turning to the West for more trade and technology. Czechoslovakia last week was in the final stages of negotiating the \$31 million purchase of a petrochemical plant and steel-mill equipment from Britain, and Poland was dickering to buy more U.S. wheat. But it will take a good deal more than increased trade with the West to solve Eastern Europe's widespread economic problems. Items:

- **POLAND.** Poland is the sick man of Eastern Europe. The country has mammoth debts abroad, and practically no money to pay them with. Overcentralization of planning and overemphasis on heavy industry have reduced its already weak economy to a shambles. Poor harvests and poorer planning have forced it to import huge amounts of grain, thus dangerously depleting its foreign currency reserves. Typical of Poland's plight is the condition of its national airline, LOT, which is being gradually ground down by a bizarre price structure, antiquated equipment, and the failure of Russia to come through with promised modern planes.

- **EAST GERMANY.** Bled by massive inefficiency, defections of specialists to the West and a rigid regime that compounds its own mistakes, East Germany now depends on West Germany for much of its manufactured goods. Trade between the two last year reached \$500 million. Less known is the fact that, although still small in volume, U.S. exports to East Germany have risen dramatically in the last year, largely through U.S. sales of wheat, tobacco, and other farm goods.

- **CZECHOSLOVAKIA.** Though in better shape industrially than most of the Iron Curtain countries, Czechoslovakia has experienced such a rapid decline in the rate of capital investment that the famed Czech automaker Skoda had to

reduce its output last year by 15% to 54,000 autos. In a rather pitiful move to entice Western companies to sell their goods in Czechoslovakia, the government recently offered them the opportunity to advertise on TV or in Czech newspapers. There have been no takers.

- **RUMANIA.** Rebelling against its COMECON-assigned role as Eastern Europe's vegetable garden and oilfield, Rumania has turned to the West for iron and aluminum plants. A new three-year trade agreement with West Germany provides for an exchange of goods worth \$300 million. But Rumania must finance industrialization by exporting food. The unhappy result is a severe food shortage and painfully high prices; eggs go for 20¢ apiece.

- **BULGARIA.** It is also trying to finance industrialization through food exports. The new plants come from Russia, but the internal results are similar: food shortages and soaring prices. The average Bulgarian family spends 50% of its income on food.

- **HUNGARY.** Gradually recovering from its 1956 beating, Hungary is now hurting from a shortage of young workers and from the world's lowest birth rate. Recent reports from Hungary lead Western experts to believe that the Communist nations can never hope to escape from their agricultural bind. Last year, for example, Hungary produced 10,000 tractors in an all-out attempt to increase farm output. Already this winter, about 5,000 of the new tractors have been ruined because they were left out in the open to face the furious snow and ice.



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BRITAIN

A Prince Among Princes

Most ordinary Britons bank with "The Big Five," a quintet of commercial banks* with deluges of deposits from branches around the world. But in London, 17 smaller merchant banks, most of them family-dominated, rank as "The Princes of the City." The biggest of the tight-mouthed princes, who ignore common customers for corporations and countries, is Hambros Bank, Ltd., which has arranged financing for Scandinavian timber, South African diamonds and \$20 million worth of Manhattan's Pan Am Building. In a move symbolic of the new direction that London's princely bankers are now taking, Hambros has just announced that in partnership with the U.S.'s Meyers Bros. Parking System it will build European parking garages in major European cities, starting in Germany.

Consciously Unorthodox. The idea of parking lots would have shocked earlier directors of the 125-year-old bank, which has been headed by the Hambro family since it was founded six generations ago by a Danish immigrant. But parking lots are exactly the kind of enterprise sought by forward-looking Executive Chairman J. H. ("Jack") Hambro, 59, who believes that the times have passed when merchant bankers could concentrate on regal requirements. He has turned Hambros to bigger profits from a multitude of smaller ventures. "We are consciously unorthodox," says he. "Anything that concerns money we attempt to cater for." Hambros is profiting from this unorthodoxy: it has \$500 million in assets, almost triple those of ten years ago.

Profit will lure Hambros' seven partners almost anywhere. The bank was the first to help continental diamond cutters fleeing Nazism; from this risk it built a hefty business in London's diamond center. Hambros also runs 45 investment funds, and its Bishopsgate Property Investment Co. is the world's biggest fund dealing in real estate shares. In the U.S., Hambros has fared unevenly. "We lost our pants," admits Jack Hambro of a 1950 attempt to export more kippers and British honey. But in another project in which Hambros increased the exports of British cars, "we recovered our pants."

Unexpected Benefit. An authority on rose growing as well as on banking, Jack Hambro intends henceforth to cultivate fields he knows. Hambros now offers package plans for Scandinavia in which the bank handles all arrangements for British investors from plane tickets to plant location. It is also capitalizing on Britain's exclusion from the Common Market. "The failure to go

* Barclays, Lloyds, Midland, National Provincial and Westminster.

in," says Hambro, "has created lots of problems we can help solve. We always say our advice is free until somebody makes a profit." Once that happens, Hambros is not too princely to hold out its hand for its share.

LATIN AMERICA

Debut for ADELA

Businessmen the world over agree about the urgent needs of Latin America's economy, but the foreign investor's recent tendency has been to reduce rather than increase his commitment there. To speed the southward flow of capital and induce more wealthy Europeans and Japanese to help out, a blue-ribbon group of 100 free-world businessmen met in Paris to launch a development corporation for Latin America that is both private and multinational.

The new Atlantic Community Development Group for Latin America, dubbed ADELA, intends to invest primarily in medium-sized consumer-goods industries. It will also buy shares in other businesses that have high potential, some risk, and a tough time securing capital from local sources. ADELA plans to raise \$40 million from 80 or more companies in the rich Northern Hemisphere; with this it hopes to attract another \$160 million from such sources as the World Bank and the Latin American money men, who are normally wary of investing in their own homelands. So far, a dozen firms have pledged up to \$500,000 each, including Italy's Fiat, Belgium's Petrofina, Switzerland's Swiss Bank Corp., a Japanese consortium, and the U.S.'s IBM and Standard Oil (N.J.).

ADELA still conspicuously lacks capital support from affluent German, French and Canadian companies, and still has to prove that it can turn a private profit in chaotic Latin America. But the man who originated the idea for the organization and won it early support, New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits, feels confident enough to let the businessmen take over while he steps down to an advisory role.

WESTERN EUROPE

Migrating Cranes

Tall buildings rise in Europe with a minimum of traffic tie-ups and almost no noise, in pleasant contrast to the bedlam at most building sites in the U.S. Main reason for the difference is the kind of crane builders use: in the U.S. most of them use "crawler" cranes that clog streets and growl angrily under the strain of hoisting a load; in Europe, construction men have learned over the past decade to employ the self-mounting "tower" crane, which is powered by a quietly humming electric motor instead of a diesel, operates off the street—usually from the center of a building going up—and climbs along with the superstructure.

Recently the European cranes have

been migrating across the Atlantic in increasing numbers. More than 450 of them are at work—on buildings from Eero Saarinen's 38-story CBS skyscraper in Manhattan to Los Angeles' new Gateway East building. The chief beneficiaries are the two main manufacturers, Sweden's A. B. Lindenkranar and West Germany's Liebherr. The cranes range in price from \$35,000 to \$60,000, depending on lifting capacity, v. about \$90,000 for the crawler crane.

The main advantages to builders go far beyond price. As a building rises, the tower crane hoists itself from floor to floor by means of built-in hydraulic jacks. It supports itself on the building's side or on a tower that runs up inside what will later become an elevator shaft. Its counterbalanced boom can deftly pinpoint a load anywhere on the construction floor, whereas crawlers, oper-



SWEDISH IMPORT IN LOS ANGELES
It climbs along with the building.

ating from street level, can only inch a load to the edge of the floor. And the tower's heights are unlimited, while the crawler can rise no higher than 35 stories without danger of toppling. At job's end, the contractor simply disassembles the tower crane and lowers the parts to the ground.

Lindenkrane, which has plants in Sweden and licensees in England and Finland, manufactures 500 cranes a year, exports them to 17 countries and has annual sales of \$5,000,000. Bigger Liebherr, with crane sales of \$20 million, turns out 2,000 cranes annually, has plants in Austria, France, Ireland and South Africa in addition to seven in Germany. Both companies expect business to rise handsomely as builders around the world discover the benefits of tower cranes. "The sky's the limit," says Lindenkrane President Elis Linden, discussing the height at which his products can work—but also describing their potentialities.

MILESTONES

Married. Richard Bolling, 47, newly divorced Democratic Congressman from Kansas City; and Jim Grant Akin, 35, blonde congressional lobbyist for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, daughter of a well-heeled Texas oilman and, until her divorce fortnight ago, wife of yet another; both for the second time; in Silver Spring, Md.

Married. Jack Rohe Howard, 53, president of the 18-newspaper Scripps-Howard chain, son of longtime president Roy Howard; and Eleanor Sallie Harris, 43, magazine writer; he for the second time; in Manhattan.

Divorced. By Francisco ("Baby") Pignatari, 46, multimillionaire Brazilian playboy; Ira von Furstenburg Pignatari, 23, whose first husband, Prince Alfonso Hohenlohe-Langenburg, 40, dislikes her second so much that he hid their two children until Ira had to choose between her babies and Baby; after three years of marriage, no children; on grounds of mental cruelty; in Las Vegas.

Died. Terence Hanbury White, 57, classic chronicler of the Arthurian legend; of a heart attack; in Piraeus, Greece (see THE WORLD).

Died. Jack ("Big Gate") Teagarden, 58, jazzman somewhere close to "Chicago," between Dixieland and swing, one of the great trombonists of all time, a lumbering Texan famed since the late 1920s for his staccato, yet melodic instrumental style and a sad, reedy singing voice that made classics of songs of the period (*Basin Street Blues*), new favorites of old stand-bys (*The St. James Infirmary*); of pneumonia and cirrhosis of the liver; in New Orleans.

Died. Sheikh Bechara el Khoury, 74, first President of independent Lebanon from 1943 to 1952, who spearheaded his country's revolt against the French, gave it one of the Middle East's few stable regimes, but was forced to resign when opposition politicians charged (but could not prove) that his family was profiting from government deals in everything from cement to gold; of cancer; in Beirut.

Died. Arthur Augustus Allen, 78, Cornell University ornithologist who in 50 years of bird watching discovered many principles of avian psychology (birds are shocked to see themselves in mirrors, sometimes suffer from inferiority complexes), was the first to raise the ruffed grouse in captivity, locate the nesting place of the bristle-thighed curlew, record successfully the call of the whooping crane; of a heart attack; in Ithaca, N.Y.

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BOOKS

The Ghosts of Chicsville

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL by John Cheever. 309 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95.

In his second novel, John Cheever has substantially raised his bid to establish the Wapshots of St. Botolphs, Mass., among the First Families of U.S. literature.

One of the most curious and original writers in the U.S. today, John Cheever continues to be underestimated. *The Wapshot Chronicle* received the National Book Award. But Cheever is neither chic nor shocking, and no critical claque inflates his reputation. He is neither politically opinionated nor a Freudian, and the sex he celebrates is freakishly normal, occurring at its best in the connubial bed.

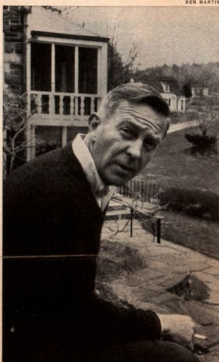
In fact, Cheever is an old-fashioned moralist, and would be claimed as kin by that Old Lady from Dubuque for whom *The New Yorker* Magazine is not edited, but where, ironically, the bulk of his work has appeared. Old-fashioned abstractions that have almost been jostled out of intellectual currency—words like *humility, goodness, pride, honor and love*—constantly appear in his work. This has baffled some readers dazzled by the deceptively brilliant surface texture and the sort of knowing social-insider's styliness that will set a time period with: "Now that was the year when the squirrels were such a pest and everybody worried about cancer and homosexuality." One sentence like that and *The New Yorker* reader knows where he is or thinks he knows where he is—in Chicsville, U.S.A., a tightly zoned community.

Precarious Paradise. But this sort of thing is a social disguise for the heft of Cheever's work, which moves between tragedy and farce and realism and fantasy to present a heavy parable of American life—especially the life of the semi-migratory U.S. bourgeoisie and the uncertain ecology of their nesting grounds in the U.S. suburb. Suburbia, which in its modern form is barely a generation old, has so far lacked the kind of preceptor or poet that the South, the West, the City, and the Small Town long since acquired. In John Cheever, Suburbia has its first poet-mythologist.

Proxire Manor seems to be located in northern Westchester. (Novelist Cheever himself was born in Quincy, Mass., but now lives in Ossining, N.Y., in a stone-gabled 18th century house with wife, three children, two Labradors, two Roman doves, and two cars.) With no irony whatever, Proxire Manor is presented as the kind of a place where people could, if they were good, live happily ever afterward, but foolishly, because they are wicked, choose not to do so.

It is a precarious paradise—belea-

gued from without by The City, source of the commuter's money, and by proletarian Parthenia down by the railroad tracks, from which emerge teen-age toughs, rapacious plumbers and reefer-smoking baby sitters. It may be attacked from within by moral failure. Felicity is threatened by the second wife, the third mortgage, the fourth child, or the fifth martini. In Proxire Manor, as in Eden itself, the penalty for sin is banishment—but only to the next town. The angel at the gates may be a suburban bank manager or may appear, as in *The Wapshot Scandal*, in terrible female form as a community leader



JOHN CHEEVER

He found the skull beneath the pumpkin.

who has graduated from love into good works.

The Wapshot Scandal can be properly understood only against a background of Cheever's stories and his earlier *Chronicle*. Cheever is dealing with two basic themes of U.S. literature, previously treated by such great but different writers as Mark Twain, Hemingway, Wolfe and Faulkner. These are the Desirable Life and the Lost Innocence of men looking wistfully back on a small-town and country boyhood. The themes are spun out in terms of the pilgrimage of the brothers Moses and Coverly Wapshot. In the *Chronicle*, the brothers were baptized in the innocence of an obsolete world, the "disingenuous community" of St. Botolphs on Massachusetts' tidewater. In the *Scandal*, the

old ferry boat—symbol of the manly independence of a seagoing race—has been converted into a floating "gift shoppe," and Moses and Coverly have been expelled from St. Botolphs and from the 19th century into the 20th.

Brother Smart. Moses Wapshot has come to Proxire Manor trailing his memories of the land where it is always Christmas Eve, the Canada goose is in the oven, and snow falls on the timeless village green. He has become the doting second husband of Melissa Scaddon, who inherited chain-store millions and became instant-feudal. Moses and Melissa are happy in bed and at table, and their infant son croons upstairs. Only willful sin can poison this provisional paradise, and Melissa is the sinner.

Melissa's crime is one of the unforgivable sins of Proxire Manor, something which could be called "mixed adultery"—mating with the wrong age or class. She becomes infatuated with the 19-year-old grocery boy, profanes the household gods by taking him to the family summer cottage on Nantucket, is discovered. Her fate is terrible; she is last seen, tied to her now sulky lover, weeping over cans of American food in a Roman supermarket. Moses takes to the bottle and becomes a decedent vagrant.

There are episodes which suggest that Cheever believes that Melissa is nothing less than an old-fashioned New England witch, with power over others but not over herself. Alternatively, she is Circe, the classic love-harrier who had the power to turn men into beasts. In such scenes, Cheever deserts the realistic conventions for fantasy, but his wonderful eye for significant detail never deserts him. He creates a familiar domestic interior and then seats hags on the Hepplewhite.

Brother Simple. Unlike Moses, who can deal with anything but the dark gods, Coverly is a simple innocent who can be defeated by a bus conductor. All sorts of modern Furies await such awkward

innocence. Coverly has become a pre-programmer for computers, and finds himself condemned to a special kind of modern hell—a noncommunity named Talifer. Talifer appears on no maps. It is populated by oafish technicians and scientist submen, and security is total. Work is all underground. The old virtues of the community are unknown. People do not nod to each other in the treeless streets. Coverly's wife invites neighbors to a party; no one comes. An occupant of one of the Government-designated houses falls from a ladder, but no neighbor comes to help him up.

Coverly, a modern Candide, is hopelessly bedeviled by a world of science in which the scientists know as little about what they are doing as an ant knows of fornicology. His boss, Dr. Cameron, is



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a mathematical genius but a moral idiot bedeviled by lechery and made absurd by his own lack of self-knowledge. Coverly is inadvertently rescued from this nightmare by good old Aunt Honora back at St. Botolphs. Aunt Honora has never paid an income tax; when the FBI discovers this, guilt by association deprives Coverly of his security clearance, without which no man can live in the world of tomorrow.

The Wapshot Scandal is the most enigmatic and gruesome fable to appear in U.S. fiction for a long time. Cheever has presented three American communities—one colonial, where life is over; one contemporary, where life is precarious; and one of tomorrow, where life is impossible. It is a totally original work by a writer who is not yet great, but who is greatly obsessed by his exploration of American life. It makes him a disconcerting fellow. He is the entertaining natural-shoulder guest at any Westchester cocktail party who embarrasses the neutral-toned neighbors by producing the *Book of Common Prayer* from his gabardine slacks. If a Halloween charade appears, Cheever is the one who points out that the innocents are using real skulls painted to look like pumpkins.

The Tells of Childhood

THE LITTLE GIRLS by Elizabeth Bowen. 307 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Dacey, Mumbo and Sheikie were bossless chums at St. Agatha's, an all-too-proper girls' school in the south of England. They carried on like so many Peck's bad boys in bloomers, planted a gelignite bomb in a bicycle shed, conned free rides in horse-drawn victorias, raced down High Street frothing at the mouth with lemon sherbet powder to convince townspeople that they were possessed by devils. But their biggest adventure in that ill-fated summer of 1914 came the night they buried a coffin of "valuable treasure"—dog chains, bones, a message in an unknown language (jumbled up by Mumbo)—in the orchard behind the school. As snippy schoolgirls, they wondered what posterity would make of it.

Powers of Bitchery. As Elizabeth Bowen's new novel (her first since 1955) opens, the little girls have become sad-eyed, sixtyish English gentlewomen. Dacey is now Dinah Delacroix, a handsome if slightly dotty widow who lives on her Somerset estate in equivocal intimacy with a cross-eyed, 19-year-old Maltese manservant. Remembering the buried treasure chest, she rounds up her long-lost friends and informs them that it is time to dig up the box and rediscover their old happiness.

But the burden of *The Little Girls* is that those who would excavate the tells of childhood had better dig alone. Sheikie, "the famous child toe-dancer" of St. Agatha's, has degenerated into Sheila Artworth, a real estate broker's wife whose hair is now bluer than her

blood. Mumbo, the skinny, frizzy-headed intellectual of the trio, has ballooned into Miss Clare Burkin-Jones, the burly, beturbaned boss of a London gift shop. But these distortions are nothing compared with the heightened powers of bitchery the little girls have acquired.

Suspicious of one another's motives, they flash aged but venomous claws. Dacey accuses the unmarried Mumbo of lesbianism, wonders why Sheikie has no children. Mumbo wonders why Sheikie never made it as a dancer, accuses her of social climbing. Both Mumbo and Sheikie are suspicious of Dacey's relationship to her dusky butler.

Mitfordian Retreads. For all her 64 years Novelist Bowen still writes best about childhood. The long middle passage, which flashes back to the days of St. Agatha's, catalogues the small ter-



ELIZABETH BOWEN
Last dig for lost happiness.

rors and large thoughts of preadolescence with delicate insight. It could stand on its own as a finely wrought novella, and probably should, since the contemporary "comic" passages that flank it are flabby by comparison.

The chest proves to be empty. After a bitter, final attempt at finding the little girl buried in Mumbo's hulk, Dacey falls ill. When the Maltese discovers her, she is mysteriously bruised and barely conscious, muttering: "It's all gone, was it ever there? No, never there."

To Russia for Luv

HONEY FOR THE BEARS by Anthony Burgess. 256 pages. Norton. \$3.95.

Fictional voyages of self-discovery are customarily accompanied by a change of outer scenery. If, for instance, the author's aim is to reveal inner darkness, his characters traditionally head for Africa (Conrad, Gide, Paul Bowles). If, on the other hand, the blossoming of a long-repressed *joie de vivre* is the theme, then sunny Italy will unlock the passion in the tourist's

heart (Goethe, Mann, E. M. Forster). But whoever would have thought of the Soviet Union as an emotional catalyst? Well, nobody, until British Satirist Anthony Burgess came along.

In Burgess' newest novel, a pallid British antique dealer has to go to Leningrad to learn that he has always been a latent homosexual. On top of this, his sulky American wife turns out to be an incipient lesbian.

Burgess wrings some wry laughs from his hero's bumbling efforts to unload twelve dozen fancy "drilon" dresses on the Russian black market. But alas, it turns out that Burgess takes his main joke seriously. He offers the perverted antique dealer as a disapproving symbol of Britain Today. Trying to be urbane about his (and England's) present predicament, the poor man says: "You have no idea how pleasant it is not to have any future. It's like having a totally efficient contraceptive." "Or like being impotent," says one Russian interrogator drily. The Englishman has the grace to blush.

Overtaken Pioneer

THE COLLECTED NOVELS OF CONRAD AIKEN. 575 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$7.95.

Consider the case of Conrad Aiken. His credentials as a man of letters are impeccable—40-odd volumes of prose and poetry, a tour of duty as consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress, a slew of literary prizes (Pulitzer, Bollingen, the gold medal for poetry of the National Institute of Arts and Letters). He has been a fixture on the literary scene as long as any living American poet. But Aiken, now 74, wryly acknowledges that he is "a dubious horse in the Pegasus sweepstakes."

This new Aiken collection suggests why. Consisting of four novels previously published in the U.S., together with one—*A Heart for the Gods of Mexico*—published in England in 1939 but new to U.S. readers, it is presented with an all but impenetrable introduction by Critic R. P. Blackmur ("These snippets of anecdote make minor éclaircissements of who-knows-what").

Spent Cascade. *Heart for the Gods* is virtually impregnable itself, although the plot is simple. A young woman learns that she has a heart condition that will kill her within six months. She confides in her old friend Blomberg (a thinly disguised portrait of Aiken himself) and explains that, in the short time left, she wants to go to Mexico to get a divorce from her estranged husband and to marry the man who has loved her for years. Blomberg, the woman and her intended husband travel by day coach from Boston to Mexico City. The night after they get there, the girl suffers a final, fatal heart attack.

In Aiken's mind, the trip stood as a symbol of both the expanding American frontier and the expanding American consciousness, moving from inno-



not cheep, cheep—but good, good!

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cence to experience (a theme that preoccupied him in his fictionalized autobiography, *Ushant*). But story and symbol never meet, with the result that cascades of imagery and torrents of metaphor are expended on events that have all the inherent drama of a railroad timetable. The train pulls into the town of Galion, Ohio, and Blomberg is jolted awake: "Galion! They had come to Galion; this point in chaos and eternal night was Galion." To Blomberg, the trip signifies that she is "taking her heart as an offering to the bloodstained altar of the plumed serpent."

The same abstruse prolixity floods all of Aiken's novels. Their action is mostly interior: in *Blue Voyage*, a playwright broods upon and confirms his own sense of inferiority during a voyage to England; in *King Coffin*, a para-

GEORGE WOODRUFF



CONRAD AIKEN

A long shot in the Pegasus stakes.

noid ponders a murder for a hundred pages and then decides not to commit it.

Lost Force. At his best, Aiken can suggest a mental atmosphere with compelling force. He was one of the forerunners of the still-current rage for Freudian fiction, an early psychological novelist who explored neurotic fear and sexual antagonisms with extraordinary restrained sensuality. Rich in inner soliloquy, barren of drama, his writing is most successful in evocative short stories (notably *Silent Snow*, *Secret Snow*, *The Last Visit* and *Mr. Arcularis*), where he is able to embody a single emotion in a single carefully worked image.

As for his poetry, it too often loses its force in what Aldous Huxley called Aiken's "coloured mists" of sound. Re-read today, Aiken seems a classic case of the experimental writer whose experiment is outmoded. He finds himself disconcertingly immured in some Smithsonian Institution of prose when he had aspired to the National Gallery, and viewed with respect only by those who remember that he was a pioneer in territory that has now been settled.

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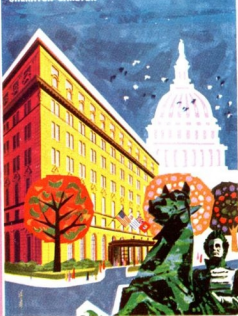
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